



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act IV., Scene I.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
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AND
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VOL. II

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS
MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING
LOVES LABOUR'S LOST
A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME



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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4^F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS' is a good title for this play, which deals almost wholly with a puzzle of identities, arising from the likeness of twin brothers and twin servants.

The Duke of Ephesus condemns Ægeon, a Syracuse merchant, to death for trading in Ephesus. The prisoner states that his reason for being in a hostile city lies in a search he is making for the scattered members of his household. He had twin sons who in infancy, with their twin body-servants, had become separated by shipwreck. Their mother, Æmilia, had also been lost from them; and Ægeon, with one son, Antipholus, and a servant, Dromio, had dwelt together in Syracuse until Antipholus reached manhood, when the latter had set forth to seek his mother and brother. For seven years Ægeon had heard no tidings of any of them, and he narrates this story of a fruitless quest to the duke, who relents to the extent of granting him a day's grace to seek ransom.

It chances that Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse are now visiting in Ephesus, and, further, that his brother and servant, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, reside here. None of the parties knows of the whereabouts of the others, and the twin brothers and

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

twin servants look so much alike that a comedy of errors arises which lasts throughout the play.

In Acts II and III the Ephesian Dromio and his master's wife, Adriana, both mistake Antipholus of Syracuse for the lord of the house, greatly to the surprise of the Syracusan and the anger of the Ephesian gentleman.

The confusion continues through Act IV. The two Dromios get more than one beating. Tradesmen also harass the Syracuse Antipholus, until he and his Dromio believe themselves bewitched and try to flee the city.

They take refuge (Act V) in a priory, where an abbess protects them. At this point Ægeon is led by to execution. The duke is stopped by Adriana, who asks the custody of her husband, whom she believes to be in the priory. Conflicting witnesses testify, until the final appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios explains the riddle to the general satisfaction. Ægeon is released, and adds to the joy of finding both his sons the delight of discovering that the abbess is his wife Æmilia.

SOURCES

The plot of 'The Comedie of Errors' was obtained, directly or indirectly, from the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus, the only question being as to its directness. The two plots are very similar, both being farces of mistaken identity (see Date of Composition). The Latin version of the 'Menæchmi' was known in England before Shakespeare wrote his play, and a translation of it was published in 1595. The translation was by William Warner, and while its plot is

INTRODUCTION

simpler than that of the 'Comedie,' they have undeniable points in common which indicate that Shakespeare was familiar with either the Latin or the English version. The early printing of the 'Comedie' designated the two Antipholuses as 'Erotes' and 'Sereptus,' names similar to some employed by Plautus, while Adriana in the 'Comedie' uses the same word of contempt, 'stale' (Act II, scene i), which her counterpart uses in Warner's translation from Plautus. This translation was no doubt circulated in manuscript for some time before it was published. Shakespeare may have had access to it; Warner may have borrowed from Shakespeare; or both may have based their material directly upon the original Latin.

In any case, Shakespeare makes use only of the chief situation, building thereon a complex play truly his own. He it is who creates the two Dromios, the principal mirth-provokers of the whole piece. The sentiment and pathos are likewise his, together with the story of old Ægeon and the latter's reunion with his long-lost wife.

The situation in the opening scene of Act III, where the rightful husband is excluded from his own door, while the wrongful one is within, resembles another comedy of Plautus, the 'Amphitruo.'

As to the title, 'Comedie of Errors,' Warner's argument speaks of 'much pleasant error.' Another older play, now lost, contained the word 'error.' In the 'Court Revels' for 1576-7, the following entry is found: 'The Historie of Error, shewn at Hampton Court on New Yeres daie at night, enacted by the children of Pawles (Pawles = St. Paul's).' The inference that this play had anything in common with Shakespeare's is only conjectural.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The action is confined to a single day. In the morning, scene i, the old Ægeon is condemned to die on that same day, but is granted a reprieve until sunset. The final scene represents him as being led to execution. Other points verify this time limit. The unities of both time and place are observed according to classic models.

The period of the play is not a definite calculation. Ephesus is spoken of as containing an abbey. Christianity was established in Ephesus about the middle of the fourth century and lasted until the fourteenth. Any time during the latter quarter of that millennium might serve.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

‘The Comedie of Errors’ was played before 1598, for it is mentioned by Meres in that year. A still earlier date of 1594 is established by a reference to it in ‘Gesta Grayorum,’ which shows that ‘a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players’ during the Christmas Revels at Gray’s Inn in 1594.

Internal evidence points to an earlier year than 1594. In Act III, scene ii, there seems to be an allusion to the War of the League in France, which ended in 1593. The play has much in common with ‘Loves Labour’s Lost’ and ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona.’ Its rhymed lines, word-play, and general method place it among the early plays, and about the year 1590 or 1591.

INTRODUCTION

EARLY EDITIONS

‘The Comedie of Errors’ found its first printing in the First Folio of 1623, where it occupied sixteen pages, from page 85 to page 100, inclusive. It was divided into acts, but not scenes, although the words ‘Scena Prima’ appear at the head of four of the acts. The *Dramatis Personæ* was omitted, but was afterward applied by Rowe. The text of the Folio is fairly pure, the errors being usually committed by the printer. This is the shortest of all the plays.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and sons*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*

PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Ephesus.*]

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[A hall in the Duke's palace.]

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant [Ægeon] of Siracusa, Jaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant [Æge.].

PROCEED *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.

I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke, 10
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
To admit no trafficke to our adverse townes:

Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus* 20
 Be seene at any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres:
 Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne
 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
 His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,¹ ¹ *disposal*
 Unlesse a thousand markes be levied
 To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
 Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening Sonne. 31

Duk. Well *Siracusan*; say in brieft the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home?
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
 Then I to speake my griefes unspeakeable:
 Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde 40
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
 And he great care of goods at randone left,
 Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
 Before her selfe (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women beare) 50

20-1. *Nay more*: 1 l., new l. at If ends seen—MALONE.

46. *And be*: *And the*—THEOBALD. *randone*: random—3-4F.

Had made provision for her following me,
 And soone, and safe, arrived where I was:
 There had she not beene long, but she became
 A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
 A meane woman was delivered
 Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poore, 60
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
 My wife, not meanelly prowd of two such boyes,
 Made daily motions for our home returne:
 Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
 Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe ^{1 indication}
 Gave any Tragicke Instance¹ of our harme:
 But longer did we not retaine much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
 Did but convay unto our fearefull mindes 70
 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
 Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
 Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
 And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
 The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
 And left the ship then sinking ripe to us. 80
 My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
 Had fastned him unto a small spare Mast,

58. *meane*: *meaner*—DELIUS. 64. *wee came aboard*: 1 l.—POPE.

Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes:
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
 Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought. 90
 At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
 Disperst those vapours that offended us,
 And by the benefit of his wished light
 The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us:
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
 For we may pittie, though not pardon thee. 100

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us:
 For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
 Which being violently borne up,
 Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst;
 So that in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike,
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
 Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened 110
 With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the winde,
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length another ship had seiz'd on us,
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
 And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
 Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse, 121
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
 What have befallne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eightene yeeres became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant, so his case was like, 130
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
 Might beare him company in the quest of him:
 Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
 I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
 Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
 Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
 And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
 Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave unsought
 Or that, or any place that harbours men:
 But heere must end the story of my life, 140
 And happy were I in my timelie death,
 Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
 To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
 Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
 Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,

119. *backe*: bark-2-4F.

126. *have .. and they*: hath .. and thee-POPE (of out-4F.)

Which Princes would they may not disanull,
 My soule should sue as advocate for thee:
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recal'd 150
 But to our honours great disparagement:
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
 Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
 To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
 Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
 And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
 Jaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Jaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egean* wend,
 But to procrastinate his livelesse end. *Exeunt.* 161

[Scene ii. *The Mart.*]

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
 Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
 This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
 Is apprehended for a rivall here,
 And not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the towne,
 Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West;
 There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
 And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee; 11
 Within this houre it will be dinner time,
 Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,

5. a rivall: arrival—2F.

For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meane.

Exit Dromio. 20

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am invited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, soone¹ at five a clocke, ^{1 about}
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time: 30
My present businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth, 40
(Unseene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

43. unhappie a: a out-2-4F.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
 The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
 The clocke hath stricken twelve upon the bell:
 My Mistris made it one upon my cheeke: 50
 She is so hot because the meate is colde:
 The meate is colde, because you come not home:
 You come not home, because you have no stomacke:
 You have no stomacke, having broke your fast:
 But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
 Where have you left the mony that I gave you.

E. Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
 To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper: 60
 The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now:
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner:
 I from my Mistris come to you in post:
 If I returne I shall be post indeede.
 For she will scoure your fault upon my pate:
 Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
 And strike you home without a messenger. 71

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
 Reserve them till a merrier houre then this:
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart

69. *scoure*: *score*—*Rowe*.

70. *cooke*: *clock*—*Pope*.

Home to your house, the *Phænix* sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you. 80

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce¹ of yours ^{1 head}
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently. 90

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slave hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phænix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.

E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your
hands: |

Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some devise or other, 100
The villaine is ore-wrought² of all my monie. ^{2 cheated}
They say this towne is full of cosenage:³ ^{3 cheating}
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:

97. *God: God's*—HANMER.

101. *ore-wrought: o'er-raught*—HANMER.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner:
 Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slave,
 I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.* 110

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Sereptus, with
 Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
 Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
 And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
 Good Sister let us dine, and never fret;
 A man is Master of his libertie: 10
 Time is their Master, and when they see time,
 They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
 There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie. 20
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
 Are their males subjects, and at their controules:
 Man more divine, the Master of all these,
 Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,

14. *adore*: o' door—CAPELL.

15. *thus*: ill-2-4F.

23. *Man .. Master*: Men .. masters—HANMER.

24. *Lord*: Lords—HANMER.

Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
 Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,
 Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed. 30

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
 They can be meeke, that have no other cause:

A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,

We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.

But were we burdned with like waight of paine,

As much, or more, we should our selves complaine: 40

So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,

With urging helpelesse patience would releeve me;

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This foole-beg'd¹ patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:

Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

¹*foolishly demanded*

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
 two eares can witnesse. 50

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
 his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

42. *would*: *wouldst*—Rowe. 49. *too hands*: *two hands*—2-4F.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home? 60
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he; 70
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due unto my
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there. 79

Adri. Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

70. come: come home—HANMER.

67. hundred: thousand—2F.

76-9. I know, etc.: 4 five-accent ll.—POPE.

77. arrant: errand—4F.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I so round¹ with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

¹*plain-spoken* [Exit.]

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face. 91

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state. 100
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire, ²*stalking-horse*
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too unruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.²

Luci. Selfe-harming Jealousie; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here? 110
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a love he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie. yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,

Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
 Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die. 120

Luci. How manie fond fooles serve mad Jelousie?

Exit.

[Scene ii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
 Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
 By computation and mine hosts report.
 I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
 As you love stroakes, so jest with me againe: 10
 You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your Mistresse sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the *Phænix*? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?

S. Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an howre since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
 And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner, 20
 For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.

S. Dro: I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
 What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro. |

S. Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,
Upon what bargaine do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love, 30
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batte-
ring, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows
long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it
to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
sir, why am I beaten? 41

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore,
for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of
season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you. 51

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

38. *and*: an-Rowe.

48. new l. at For-CAPELL.

49-51. 2 rhymed ll. ending reason-POPE, 2 ROWE.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie. 60

S. Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to jest in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so chollericke.

Anti. By what rule sir?

S. Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe. 71

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?¹ ¹*outgrowth* 79

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
seth it in a kinde of jollitie. 90

An. For what reason.

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.¹

S. Dro. Certaine ones then. ¹*apt to be falsified*

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage. 100

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recover haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts us yonder. 110

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musicke to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

99. trying: tiring—POPE.

103. in no time: no time—2-4F.

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, 119
 Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
 How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
 Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
 That undividable Incorporate
 Am better then thy deere selves better part.
 Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
 For know my love: as easie maist thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
 And take unmingled thence that drop againe
 Without addition or diminishing, 130
 As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
 How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
 Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
 And hurle the name of husband in my face,
 And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow? 140
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
 I am possest with an adulterate blot,
 My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
 Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:

122. *then*: thus—ROWE.

138. *skin of*: skin off—HANMER.

148. *distain'd*: unstained—HANMER.

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old, 150
 As strange unto your towne, as to your talke,
 Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
 Wants wit in all, one word to understand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

Ant. Did you converse sir with this gentlewoman:
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
 Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
 Unlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
 To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave, 170
 Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
 Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
 If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
 Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
 Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion, 180
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

153. *Wants:* Want-JOHNSON.

157. *Drom.* new l.-4F.

176. *stranger:* stronger-4F.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moves¹ mee for her
theame; ¹appeals to

What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?
Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the servants spred for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights, 191
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme. 200

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day, 210
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

188. free'd: offer'd—CAPELL.

196. thou *Dromio*: thou drone—THEOBALD.

208. laughes: laugh—POPE.

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:

Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well advisde:

Knowne unto these, and to my selfe disguisde:

Ile say as they say, and persever so:

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate? 220

Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,

My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;

Say that I lingerd with you at your shop

To see the making of her Carkanet,

And that to morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villaine that would face me downe

Ile met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, 10

and charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,

and that I did denie my wife and house;

Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,

that you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;

the skin were parchment, & the blows you gave were
ink, |

our owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare

by the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, 20

I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our
cheer |

May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing
but words. 30

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
rie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisle, Gillian, Ginn.*

S. Dro. [*Within*] Mome,¹ Malthorse, Capon, Cox-
combe, Idi- | ot, Patch, ¹buffoon 39

Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such
store, |

When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master
stays in the street.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Let him walke from whence he
came, lest hee | catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Right sir, Ile tell you when, and
you'll tell | me wherefore. 49

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-
day.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Nor to day here you must not come
again | when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the
howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is
Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office
and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: 60
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coile is there *Dromio*? who
are those | at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. [*Within*] Faith no, hee comes too late, and so
tell your | Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Pro-
verbe,

71

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can
you tell?

S. Dro. [*Within*] If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*
thou hast an- | swer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I
hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no. 80

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the | towne? 90

Enter Adriana.

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise? |

S. Dro. [*Within*] By my troth your towne is troubled with un- | ruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adri. [*Within*] Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore. |

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold goe sore. 99

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold. 111

110. *cake bere: cake there*—GLOBE.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your | knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. [*Within*] It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee | hinde. 121

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. [*Within*] I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have | no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so; For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether, If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow. 130

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so, Heerein you warre against your reputation, And draw within the compasse of suspect¹ ¹*suspicion* Th'unviolated honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisdom, Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,

plead on your part some cause to you unknowne;

And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the dores are made against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

140

and let us to the Tyger all to dinner,

and about evening come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint:

If by strong hand you offer to breake in
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rowt
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foule intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; 150
 For slander lives upon succession;
 For ever hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
 And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
 There will we dine: this woman that I meane
 My wife (but I protest without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
 To her will we to dinner, [*To Ang.*] get you home
 And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made, 161
 Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
 For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
 Upon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
 Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
 Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt. 170

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Juliana [*Luciana*], *with Antipholus of Siracusia.*

Julia. [*Luc.*] And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
 Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
 Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye: 10
 Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
 Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
 Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
 Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
 Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
 Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed, 20
 Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:
 Alas poore women, make us not beleieve
 (Being compact of credit) that you love us,
 Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve:
 We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
 Then gentle brother get you in againe;
 Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
 When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else 1
 know not; 31
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
 Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
 Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
 Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

5. *buildings*: building—THEOBALD. *ruinate*: ruinous—CAPELL.

7. *attaine*: attaint—ROWE.

21. *is*: are—2-4F.

22. *not*: but—THEOBALD.

27. *wise*: wife—2-4F.

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
 Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
 The fouled meaning of your words deceit:
 Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknowne field? 40
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile veeld.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
 Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:¹ *incline*
 Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
 To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares:
 Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
 Spread ore the silver waves thy golden haire; 50
 And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
 And in that glorious supposition thinke,
 He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
 your sight. 60

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:
 Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

48. *sister*: *sister's*-2-4F.

51. *bud*: *bed*-2-4F. *thee*: *them*-CAPELL.

-POPE, 2 ROWE.

59. *when*: *where*

62-5. 2 rhymed ll. ending *No*-POPE.

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee: 70
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe? 80

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Anti. What claime laies she to thee? 90

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I bee-
ing a beast she would have me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reverence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage? 100

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she lives till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe over-shoes in the grime of it. 110

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noah's* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her. 121

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire. 130

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose. 141

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull¹ dog, & made me turne i'th wheele. 1 docked-tail 151

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit* 160

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:

132. *cbalkle*: chalky-2-4F. 141. *Carrects*: caracks-HANMER.
148-51. *And I ... wbeelee*: 2 rhymed ll.-KNIGHT.
153. *And*: An-CAPELL.

She that doth call me husband, even my soule
 Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
 Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
 But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
 Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

170

Ang. M^r *Antipholus*.

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
 I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
 The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I have made it for
 you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you
 have:

181

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
 And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receive the money now,
 For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
 That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. 190
 I see a man heere needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
 Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
 If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.[Scene i. *A public place.*]*Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith [Angelo], and an Officer.*

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you,
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want Guilders for my voyage:
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. [Ang.] Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is growing to me by *Antipholus*, 10
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a Chaîne, at five a clocke
 I shall receive the money for the same:
 Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

*Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.**Off.* That labour may you save: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
 And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
 Among my wife, and their confederates, 20
 For locking me out of my doores by day:
 But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.*Exit Dromio*

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
 I promised your presence, and the Chaîne,

20. *their: her-ROWE.*

But neither Chaîne nor Goldsmith came to me:
 Belike you thought our love would last too long
 If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not. 30

Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
 How much your Chaîne weighs to the utmost charect,
 The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
 Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
 Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
 I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
 For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
 Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
 Good Signior take the stranger to my house, 40
 And with you take the Chaîne, and bid my wife
 Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,
 Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaîne to her your selfe.

Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaîne about you?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have: 50
 Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaîne.
 Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
 And I too blame have held him heere too long.

Anti. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
 Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,
 But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare now he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony. 61

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:

If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine. 71

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to
say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-
bey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation. 80
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.

Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere, 90
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convei'd aboard, and I have bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde 100
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

Ant. How now? a Madman? Why thou peevisish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure 110
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband, 120
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

[Scene ii. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere. 10

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beseech. 20

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,
Stigmaticall¹ in making worse in minde. ¹ *deformed*

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse: 30

7. *Ob:* Of-2-4F.

Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A divell in an everlasting garment hath him; 40

On whose hard heart is button'd up with steele:

A Feind, a Fairie, pittillesse and ruffe:

A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgment carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on
the case. 50

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in
his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arested on a band?

41. *On:* One-2-4F.

42. *Fairie:* fury-2POPE.

46. *drifoot:* dry-foot-ROWE.

52-3. 2 rhymed ll.-CAPELL.

53. *is in:* he's in-3-4F. *rested:* 'rested-THEOBALD.

58. *Thus:* That-2-4F.

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring. 61

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serjeant, a turnes
backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he's worth to season. 71

Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana [with a purse].

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.* 80

[Scene iii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And everie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thankses for kindnesses;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
 And therewithall tooke measure of my body. 10
 Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
 And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an evill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie. 22

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them suites of durance: he that sets up his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer? 30

S. Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
 Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then

26. rests: 'rests-WARBURTON.

36. ships: ship-2-4F.

were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you. 41

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*? 50

Ant. It is the divell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the divels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here? 60

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must nave a long spoone that must
eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-
ping? |

Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

61. *if do: if you do-2-4F.*

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaîne you promis'd, 70
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile,
a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but she more covetous, wold have a chaîne: Ma-
ster be wise, and if you give it her, the divell will shake
her Chaîne, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaîne,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that
you know. *Exit.* 81

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he never so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaîne,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance. 90
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

73-6. new ll., ending pin, stone, chaîne, her, it—CAPELL.

[Scene iv. *A street.*]

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
 Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money
 To warrant thee as I am rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
 And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
 That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
 I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
 How now sir? Have you that I sent you for? 11

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you. 20
 [*Beating him.*]

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse. 30

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore. 41

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-master, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. *Mistris respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse: 50

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers, 60

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Revell and feast it at my house to day,

Whil'st upon me the guiltie doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house.

69

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd untill this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Anti. And did not she her selfe revile me there?

Dro. *Sans Fable*, she her selfe revil'd you there.

80

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these crontraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.

91

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope. 100

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all, 110
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:

But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:

Hee strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murther me, thou Jailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue? 123

Off. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you
shall not have him.

122-4. new ll. at to and he-POPE.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go, 130

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,

And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappie strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee? 140

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the divell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they talke.

Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me: Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets. 150

Adr. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,

The Ring I saw upon his finger now, Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large. 160

*Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you. 171

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from
thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
us no harme: you saw they speake us faire, give us gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
Witch. 180

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*A street before a Priory.*]

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time. 10

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly. 20
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liv'st 30
To walke where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others. |

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house. 39

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recoverie.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him. 49

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,

A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eies the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrowes is he subject too? 60

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference. 70

In bed he slept not for my urging it,

At boord he fed not for my urging it:

Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:

In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a jealous woman,

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light. 80

Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy upbraidings,

Unquiet meales make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,

And what's a Feaver, but a fit of madnesse?

Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moodie and dull melancholly,

Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,

And at her heeles a huge infectious troope

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life? 90

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,

94. *Hatb:* Have-2-4F.

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house. 100

Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre, 110
Till I have us'd the approoved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife. 119

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at five:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere. 130

129. *deptb:* death-3-4F.

Gold. Upon what cause?

Mar. To see a reverent *Siracusan* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse
bare head, with the Headsman, & other
Officers.* 140

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband, |

Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

At your important Letters this ill day,

A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him: 150

That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing displeasure to the Citizens,

By rushing in their houses: bearing thence

Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,

That heere and there his furie had committed,

Anon I wot not, by what strong escape

He broke from those that had the guard of him, 160

132. *reverent*: *reverend*-3-4F.

148. *Who*: *Whom*-2-4F

And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
 Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
 Met us againe, and madly bent on us
 Chac'd us away: till raising of more aide
 We came againe to binde them: then they fled
 Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
 And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
 Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command, 170
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
 And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
 When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
 And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
 I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe, 180
 My Master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
 Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
 My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
 And sure (unlesse you send some present helpe)
 Betweene them they will kill the Conjuror.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us. 191

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,

I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
 (To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
 Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you, 200
 That he is borne about invisible,
 Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
 And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice,
 |
 Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
 Deepe scarres to save thy life; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mar. Fat. Unlesse the feare of death doth make me
 dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*. 211

E. Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that Woman
 here: |

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
 That hath abused and dishonored me,
 Even in the strength and height of injurie:
 Beyond imagination is the wrong
 That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
 pon me, 220

While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

• *Gold.* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say, 230

Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,

Nor headie-rash provoak'd with raging ire,

Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;

That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,

Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,

Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,

Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not comming thither, 240

I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,

And in his companie that Gentleman.

There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,

That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,

Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,

He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pesant home

For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.

Then fairely I bespoke the Officer

To go in person with me to my house. 250

By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vilde Confederates: Along with them

They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine:

A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,

A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
 A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
 Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me, 260
 Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a darke and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
 Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out. 271

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
 These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
 Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
 After you first forswore it on the Mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
 And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
 From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle. 280

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven:
 And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
 I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup:
 If heere you hous'd him, heere he would have bin.
 If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you? 290

E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.

E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-
ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse. 300

Fa. [*Æge.*] Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak
a word: |

Haply I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?

And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me. 310

Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice? 320

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleieve him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 330

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little use to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.

Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy 340
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Have I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, 350
and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:

And so of these, which is the naturall man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay. 360

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:

Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?

Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:

And speake unto the same *Æmilia*. 370

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,

And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:

Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,

If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne

That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I, 380

And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*

By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:

[, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. Antipholus thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord

E. Dro. And I with him. 391

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous

Warriour,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned Unckle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere 400

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaîne sir, which you had of mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaîne arrested me.

Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile

By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not. 410

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meete each others man,

And I was tane for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere. 421

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with us into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Have suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe us companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre 430
My heavie burthen are delivered:

The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S. Dro. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

E. An. *Dromio*, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarckt

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio*.

Come go with us, wee'l looke to that anon, 443

Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife,

E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping? 450

S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S. Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
Lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

453. *Signior: senior—POPE.*

FINIS.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

First printed in Quarto, 1600

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Quarto with
minor changes

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING' is the ironical title of a dual romance, where, in the case of one pair of lovers, they are parted by their own obstinacy, and in the other by carefully contrived villainy.

Benedick and Claudio, two young soldier-noblemen, accompany their general, Don Pedro of Arragon, on a visit to Leonato, governor of Messina. Benedick renews acquaintance with Beatrice, niece of Leonato, and though there is an unconfessed liking between them, they have many verbal battles. Claudio loves Hero, daughter of the governor, and enlists Don Pedro to sue for him.

Don Pedro wins Hero for Claudio in Act II, at a masquerade. Benedick is worsted in his skirmishes with Beatrice, but is led to believe by interested friends that she loves him.

In Act III Beatrice is likewise made to think that Benedick loves her. The happiness of Hero and Claudio is nearly wrecked, meanwhile, by the villainy of a natural brother of Don Pedro, who entraps Claudio into the belief that Hero is false to him.

Claudio disowns Hero (Act IV) at the time of the wedding ceremony. She swoons, and is reported dead. Beatrice will not believe her cousin faithless, but demands that Benedick—now her accepted lover

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

—challenge his friend Claudio, which he does in Act V. Some watchmen who have stumbled upon the true facts tell them to the stricken Leonato. The duel is averted, and Leonato promises to pardon Claudio if the latter will marry a bride of the governor's choosing. Claudio agrees and is delighted to find that the bride is Hero, returned as it were from the dead. Benedick and Beatrice finally discover the trick which has brought them together, but seal a peace-compact in true lover fashion.

SOURCES

Shakespeare was evidently indebted to an Italian author, Bandello, for some of the characters, the scene, and a leading incident of this play. In Bandello's Twenty-second Novella is found a Don Pedro of Arragon and a Lionato; the scene is Messina; and the lady is maligned by entrance into her window by a servant, she swoons, is thought dead, and is afterward restored to her repentant lover. Bandello died three years before Shakespeare was born, and his story was known in England not only in the original, but also in Belleforest's translation in '*Histoires Tragiques*.'

The scene of the interrupted marriage also occurs in the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in Ariosto's '*Orlando Furioso*,' likewise in Spenser's '*Faerie Queene*,' Book II, Canto 4. But in neither of these sources is there an agreement of names, places, and circumstances, as narrated in Bandello's story.

Nevertheless Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Italian is limited to the bare facts set forth above. The characters of Beatrice, Benedick, Don John, the servants, and the watchmen are all Shakespeare's own, as well as the clothing and setting forth of the entire play.

INTRODUCTION

A degree of similarity has been noted between the English play and a German version, 'The Beautiful Phœnicia,' by a contemporary playwright, Jacob Ayrrer. Ayrrer follows Bandello more closely in names, and probably founded his version on the Italian without reference to Shakespeare.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

In Act I, scene i, Don Pedro says that he will visit Messina 'at the least a month'; and in Act II, scene i, Leonato states that it is 'a just seven-night' until the wedding. But neither of these statements furnishes any definite time reckoning for the play, and ignoring them we could bring the action within four consecutive days: Day 1, Act I, and Act II, scenes i and ii. Day 2, Act II, scene iii, and Act III, scenes i, ii, and iii. Day 3, Act III, scenes iv and v, Act IV, Act V, scenes i, ii, and part of iii. Day 4, the remainder of the play.

The period is not determinable, on account of the composite nature of the story — an Italian plot transformed into a comedy of contemporary English manners. Treated solely as an English play, Shakespeare's own time seems to be indicated.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Meres's list in 'Palladis Tamia,' of 1598, does not mention 'Much Adoe,' so it may safely be assumed that the play was not known in that year. It was first printed in Quarto form in 1600; therefore that year or 1599 may be set down with considerable exactness as the date of its production.

Internal evidence is wanting, although general style and structure place it toward the last of the comedies. A mature touch and a skilful blending of tragedy with

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

comedy mark a transition in the poet's method. The play has traits in common with 'Twelfth Night' and 'As You Like It,' while metrical tests place it at the last of this group and at the turning-point of the century.

EARLY EDITIONS

The first printing of 'Much Adoe' was a Quarto of thirty-six leaves, which bore the following title:

'Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.'

It was entered in the 'Stationers' Register,' August 23, 1600.

The next known printing is that of the First Folio, 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages, from page 101 to page 121, in the comedies. It gives the acts, but not the scenes or the *Dramatis Personæ*, which were supplied by Rowe. The Folio text follows the Quarto with some minor variations. Both are comparatively good, the errors being chiefly typographical. So nearly identical are the versions that succeeding editors have been divided in their allegiance. The Folio, however, being the first authoritative collected edition, seems the more reliable.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

•

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*

DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*

BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*

LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *his brother.*

BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro.*

CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*

BORACHIO, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, *a constable.*

VERGES, *a headborough.*

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Messina.*]

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING



Actus primus, Scena prima.

[Before Leonato's house.]

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I LEARNE in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

10

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the

2. *Innogen his wife:* out—THEOBALD.

promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how. 20

Leo. He hath an Unckle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delivered him letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at joy, then to joy at weeping? 31

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: ¹ and my Unckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt.² I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing. 44

¹ short arrow with flat end ² light arrow

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to

ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke. 50

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuf with all honourable vertues.

Beat, It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuf man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them. 61

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his sive wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible? 70

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer¹ now, that will make a voyage with him to the divell? ¹ *quarreler*

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 80

49. ease: eat-Q.2-4F.

63 sive: five-Q.2-4F.

75. and: an-THEOBALD.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

90

*Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar,
and John the bastard.*

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

101

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

109

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not

84. *Benedict*: Benedick (dicke)-2-4F.

85. *be*: a' (a)-Q.

88. *You'l ne're*: You will never-Q. 103. *doubt*: doubt, sir-Q.

107. *man, truely*: man. Truly-CAPELL.

have his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence. 120

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loves me. 129

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done. 140

Beat. You alwaies end with a Jades tricke, I know you of old.

133. *and:* an—Rowe.

137. *your:* yours—Q.2-4F.

139. *a:* i'—Capell.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detain us longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, [*To Don John*] let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all | duetie. 152

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. *Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her. 160

Clau. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Bene: Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her. 171

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie such a jewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting jacke, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song? 181

Clau. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife. 190

Bene. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I never see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell. 201

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in

180. aman: a man—Q.2-4F.

185. and: an—I ROWE.

194. and: an—CAPPELL.

197. *John the bastard*: out—HANMER

love, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answeere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so. 211

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine. 220

Clau. That I love her, I feele.

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loved, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Clau. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will. 230

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her: that she brought mee up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechate¹ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldricke,² all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to

¹ *tune sounded to call off dogs* ² *girdle*

220. *speake: spoke—Q.*

233. *rechate: recheat (recheate)—2Rowe.*

trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchellor. 238

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*. 250

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the savage Bull doth beare the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.¹

¹ mad as a bull 260

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

251-2. 2 ll. ending try, yoke—CAPELL. 252. tne: the—Q.2-4F.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassy, and so I commit you. 270

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of July. Your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded¹ with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. ¹ trimmed *Exit.*

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good. 280

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire. Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, 290
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost love faire *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: [and with her father

And thou shalt have her:] wast not to this end, 300
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to love,
That know loves griefe by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall have revelling to night, 310
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome Ile unclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

*Enter Leonato and an old man [Antonio], brother to
Leonato [meeting]. |*

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
hath he provided this musicke?

Old. [*Ant.*] He is very busie about it, but brother, i
can tell | you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo. Are they good? 6

Old. As the events stamps them, but they have a good
cover: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count

300. bracketed ll. in Q.

5. newes: strange news-Q.

302. doe you: you do-Q.

7. events: event-2-4F.

Claudio walking in a thick pleached¹ alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that hee loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

¹ *thickly interwoven*

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe. 18

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: [*Enter Attendants*] coo- | sins, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mer- | cie friend, goe you with mee and I will use your skill, | good cosin have a care this busie time. |

Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere² my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

² *a mild imprecation*

Job. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it? 8

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Job. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,

9. *my: mine—Q.*

7-8. *bringeth: brings—Q.*

10. *thus: thus much—Q.*

9. *yet: at least—Q.*

borne under *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I have cause, and smile at no mans jests, eat when I have stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw¹ no man in his humor.

¹ *flatter* 17

Con. Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you have of late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

² *canker-rose* 24

John. I had rather be a canker² in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

34

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it onely.
Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

41

22. *take root*: *take true root*-Q. 30. *mussell*: *muzzle* (muzzel)-4F.
36. *I will make*: *I make*-Q.

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to unquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*. 51

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad¹ conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*. ¹ serious 59

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glorie of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe prove whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt. 70

56. *whipt behind: whipt me behind-Q.*

Actus Secundus.[Scene i. *A hall in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, [Antonio] his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and | Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *John* here at supper?

Brother. [Ant.] I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore tatling. 12

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Johns* mouth, and halfe Count *Johns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 20

Brother. Infaieth shee's too curst.¹ ¹ *shrewish*

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen. 30

2. *his wife:* out—THEOBALD.

18. *if be:* if a'(a)—Q.

Leonato. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Batrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell. 40

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maids, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heavens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there live wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. [*To Hero*] Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your | father. 49

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curt-sie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no unckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred. 61

31. *light upon*: light on-Q. 39. *Berrord*: bear-ward-KNIGHT.

45. *S. Peter*: for: Saint Peter for-POPE.

51. *say, as*: say Father as-Q.

52. *cursie*: curtsy-2-3F.

58. *account*: an account-Q.

61. *kinred*: kindred-ROWE.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woe'd in good time: if the Prince bee too important,¹ tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch iygge, a measure, and a cinque-pace:² the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch iygge (and full as fantastickall) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave. 74

Leonata. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye unckle, I can see a Church by daylight. ¹importunate ²a dance

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good roome. [All put on their masks.]

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, | or dumbe John, [Borachio, Margaret, Ursula] Maskers with a drum. | 81

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour,³ for God defend⁴ the Lute should be like the case. ³countenance ⁴forbid 90.

69, 70. iygge: misprint in 1F.

72. aunchentry: ancientry (anchentry)—3-4F.

74. sinkes: sink (sincke)—Q.

75. Leonata: misprint in 1F.

81. or dumbe: don—CAPELL.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* rooffe, within the house is Love.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Love.

[*Drawing her aside.*]

Bene. [*Balth.*] Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Bene. [*Balth.*] Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd.

Ben. [*Balth.*] I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen. | 100

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Ursula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthony*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him. 110

Ursu. You could never doe him so ill well, unlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand up & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Ursula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 120

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeve me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

130

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeaster, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in devising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded¹ me.

¹ *accosted*

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

139

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saved, for the foole will eate no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt

[*all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

Musicke for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

151

134. *pleaseth*: *pleases*—Q.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her? 160

John. I heard him sweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau*.

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*,

But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:

'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the Office and affaires of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their owne tongues.

Let everie eye negotiate for it selfe, 171

And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,

Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:¹

This is an accident of hourelly prooffe, ¹passion

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither? 180

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-

land off? About your necke, like an Usurers chaine? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau: I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drovier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

190

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you. *Exit*.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe under that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her person, and so gives me out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

201

Enter the Prince [Pedro].

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

211

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

207. *thinke, told*: think I told-Q.

208. *the will*: the good will-Q.

210. *him a*: him up a-Q.

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stolne his birds nest. 221

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you. 228

Bene. O she misusde me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveiance upon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and every word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgreest, she would have made *Hercules* have turnd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God

233. and that I: that I-Q.

238. as terminations: as her terminations-Q.

some scholler would conjure her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne upon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

249

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any service to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

260

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue.

Exit.

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gave him use¹ for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

¹ interest

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put him downe.

271

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should proove the mother of fooles: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

253. arrand: errand-3-4F.

263. this: my-Q.

267. a single: his single-Q.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion. 281

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it. 290

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side¹ of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart. ^{1 to windward} 301

Clau. And so she doth coosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

281. a: that-Q.

292. *Herault*: herald-4F.

291. Qu: cue-2Rowe.

301. my heart: her heart-Q.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. [*Pedro*] Will you have me? Lady. 310

Beat. No, my Lord, unlesse I might have another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare everie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and under that was I borne: co-sins God give you joy. 320

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those rhings I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepes, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing. 330

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselves madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

321. *rbings*: things—Q.2-4F.

329. *dreamt*: dreamed (dream'd)—Rowe. 337. *Counte*: County—Q.

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,
till Love have all his rites. 340

Leonata. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is
hence a just seven night, and a time too brieft too, to have
all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing,
but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe
dully by us, I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules*
labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the
Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with
th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not
but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance
as I shall give you direction. 351

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee
ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe
my cosin to a good husband. 357

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband
that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble
straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will
teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall
in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will
so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quicke
wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in love with
Beatrice: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer,
his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely love-gods,
goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

341, 352. *Leonata*: misprint in 1F.

343. *answer minde*: answer my mind-Q.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter John and Borachio.

Job. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me. 10

John. Shew me breiefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 19

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale,¹ such a one as *Hero*. ¹ *harlot*

John. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Bor. Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any thing. 30

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend ¹ a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleeeve this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret, Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that jealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrowne. ¹pretend

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. 51

John. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Leonato's orchard.*]

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy. [*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir. *Exit.* 6

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing

31-2. on *Pedro*: Don *Pedro*-Q.

44. truths: truth-Q.

34. in a love: in love-Q.

50. thou: you-Q.

how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument ¹ of his owne scorne, by falling in love, & such a man is *Claudio*, I have known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, just so many strange dishes: may I be so converted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile never cheapen her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor. 34

¹ subject [Withdraws.]

Enter Prince [Don Pedro], Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson. |

Prin. [*D. Pedro*] Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is, As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

31. not for: not I for-Q.

35. Jacke Wilson: out-Q.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended, 40
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

[*Enter Balthasar with Music.*]

Prince. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse still of excellency,
To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing, 50
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing. [Air.] 60

Bene. Now divine aire, now is his soule ravisht, is it
not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

[*Balth.*] *Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,*

One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never,
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe, 70
 And be you blithe and bonnie,
 Converting all your sounds of woe,
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy,
 The fraud of men were ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy,
 Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord. 80

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howld thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray thee get us some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window. 90

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with signior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did never thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she

should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner? 100

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an intraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite. 110

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knavery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reverence. 121

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that have so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I love him? 129

Leo. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be up twenty times a night, and

there will she sit in her smocke, till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it over, she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Clau. That. 138

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I love him, I should.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true. 150

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*. 159

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and bloud combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage¹ on mee, I would have daft² all other respects,³ and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say. ¹ *doting love* ² *put off* ³ *considerations*

Leon. Were it good thinke you? 168

Clau. *Hero* thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she will die, if hee love her not, and shee will die ere shee make her love knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible⁴ spirit. ⁴ *contemptuous*

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit. 181

Leon. [*Claud.*] And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee avoydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling. 189

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large jeasts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

167. *be:* a'(a)-Q. 179. 'Fore: Before-Q. 184. *see:* say-Q.

185. *with a:* with a most-Q. 193. *see:* seek-Q.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first. 197

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her upon this, I wil never trust my expectation. ^{1 seriously}

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let us send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt* 210

[*Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*].

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly¹ | borne, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme | to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections have the full | bent: love me? why it must be requited: I heare how I | am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I | perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she | will rather die than give any signe of affection: I did ne- | ver thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are | they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re-proove it, and wise, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in love with her, I may chance

201. *to have*: out-Q.

206. *gentlewoman*: gentlewomen-Q.

213. *the*: their-Q.

have some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should live till I were married, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of love in her.

234

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thanks, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not have come.

241

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you have no stomacke signior, fare you well.

Exit.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thanks then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thanks: if I do not take pittie of her I am a villaine, if I doe not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture.

Exit. 252

Actus Tertius.[Scene i. *Leonato's garden.*]*Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.*

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
 There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,
 Proposing¹ with the Prince and *Claudio*, ¹*conversing*
 Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Ursula*,
 Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst us,
 And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
 Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne, 10
 Forbid the sunne to enter: like favourites,
 Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride,
 Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
 To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
 • Beare thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.
[Exit.]

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and downe,
 Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
 When I doe name him, let it be thy part, 20
 To praise him more then ever man did merit,
 My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
 Is sicke in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
 Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
 That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice [behind].

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
 Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

2. and two Gentlemen: out—Rowe.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden ores the silver streame, 30
 And greedily devoure the treacherous baite:
 So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
 Is couched in the wood-bine coverture,
 Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
 Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:

[*Approaching the bower.*]

No truly *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull,
 I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
 As Haggerds¹ of the rocke. 1 wild hawks

Ursula. But are you sure, 40
 That *Benedicke* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
 But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedicke*,
 To wish him wrastle with affection,
 And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
 Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
 As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon? 50

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
 As much as may be yeilded to a man:
 But Nature never fram'd a womans heart,
 Of powder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

46. *wrastle*: wrestle—JOHNSON.

Shée is so selfe indeared.

60

Ursula. Sure I thinke so,

And therefore certainly it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.

But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,

She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:

If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,

Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:

If low, an agot very vildlie cut:

70

If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:

If silent, why a blocke moved with none.

So turnes she every man the wrong side out,

And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that

Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,

As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,

But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,

She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me

Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,

81

Therefore let *Benedicke* like covered fire,

Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:

It were a better death, to die with mockes,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,

And counsaile him to fight against his passion,

And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,

To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,

90

How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Ursu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
 She cannot be so much without true judgement,
 Having so swift and excellent a wit
 As she is priske to have, as to refuse
 So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
 Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
 Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*, 100
 For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
 Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
 When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why everie day to morrow, come goe in,
 Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
 Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
 We have caught her Madame? ¹ chances 110

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,¹
 Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. [*Coming forward.*] What fire is in mine eares?
 can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
 Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
 No glory lives behinde the backe of such.
 And *Benedicke*, love on, I will requite thee,
 Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
 If thou dost love, my kindenesse shall incite thee
 To binde our loves up in a holy band. 120
 For others say thou dost deserve, and I
 Beleeve it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

109. tane: limed—Q.

109-10. 11.—1 POPE.

[Scene ii. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Euter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes. 14

Benedicke. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in love.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants money. 20

Benedicke. I have the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Benedicke. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Benedicke. Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in love. 29

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unlesse

it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: [or in the shape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all slops,¹ and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:] unlesse hee | have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee | is no foole for fancy, as you would have it to appeare | he is.

¹ loose breeches

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no beleeving old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers? 39

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie stuff tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Civit, can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face? 50

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

32. bracketed ll. in Q.

37. a: o'—THEOBALD.

34. it to appeare: it appear—Q.

55. conclude: conclude, conclude—Q

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him. 61

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Cla. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete. 70

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. [*D. John*] My Lord and brother, God save you. |

Prin. Good den¹ brother. ¹ *good evening*

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Princc. In private?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. [*To Claudio*] Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor- | row? 80

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Cla. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter? 90

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Even shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

975

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

1100

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strange! thwarting!

1200

Bastard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequele.

Exit.

[Scene iii. *A street.*]*Enter Dogbery and his compartner [Verges] with the watch. |**Dog.* Are you good men and true?*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer salvation body and soule.*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.*Verges.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery.* 9*Dog.* First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?*Watch.* 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.*Dogb.* Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.*Watch* 2. Both which Master Constable 18*Dogb.* You have: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour sir, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.*Watch* 2. How if a will not stand? 28*Dogb.* Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch. 39

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills¹ be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed. ^{1 weapons}

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir. 49

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company. 59

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a merciful man partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

36. talke: to talk-Q.

43. them: those-Q.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will never answeare a calfe when he bleates. 70

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 80

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call up me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let us go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed. 88

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exeunt*

[*Dogberry and Verges*].

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale. 101

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will. 112

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art unconfirm'd,¹ thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man. ¹ *inexperienced*

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion. 119

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, | this vii. yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentle man: | I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house. 126

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe

this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blounds, betweene foureteene & five & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie¹ painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club. ¹ *dirty*

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 138

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don John*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*? 147

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the divell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husbaud.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right master Constable, we have

135. and see: and I see-Q.

147. thy: they-Q.

157. husbaud: husband-Q. 2-4F.

here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth. 161

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, [*1 Watch.*] never speake, we charge you, let us o- | bey you to goe with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commoditie, being taken up of these mens bils. 170

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come weele obey you. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Hero's apartment.*]

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise..

Ursu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato¹ were better.

Bero. [*Hero*] No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so. ¹ruff 10

Bero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire² within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so. ²head-dress

Bero. O that exceeds they say. 17

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd? 27

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.* 39

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alove with your heeles, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.¹ ^{1 children}

19. a: o'-CAPELL.

31, 34, 53. and: an-CAPELL.

42. *Light a love*: 'Light o' love'-2 ROWE.

44. *Light alove*: light o' love-2 ROWE.

45. *looke*: see-Q.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho. 50

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one rheir harts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff cosin, I cannot smell. 60

Mar. A maid and stuff! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus beuedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell. 71

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have some morall¹ in this *benedictus*. ¹*hidden meaning*

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke

49. *a clocke*: o'clock—THEOBALD.

69. *beuedictus*: *Benedictus*—Q.2-4F.

76. *birlady*: *by'r lady*—CAPELL.

56. *rheir*: *their*—Q.2-4F.

what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe. 85

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church. 91

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [Exeunt.]

[Scene v. *Another room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, and the Constable [Dogberry], and the Headborough [Verges]. |

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. [Verg.] Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends? 10

Con. Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as

God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras,¹ neighbour Verges. ¹ words

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. 19

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say. 30

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour. 40

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

22. *finde in:* find it in—GLOBE.

25. *and:* an—CAPELL. *times:* pound—Q.

32. *have:* ha' (ha)—Q.

37. *and:* an—POPE.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Exit. |

Const. It shall be suffigance. 49.

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Sea-coale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, onely get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Jaile. *Exeunt.* 61

Actus Quartus.

[*Scene i. A church.*]

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier [Francis], Claudio, Benedicke, | Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

45. *aspitious*: auspicious—2Rowe. 48. *as may*: as it may—Q.

56. *examine those*: examination these—Q.

Fran. [*Friar*] You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady. |

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar-
rie her. 10

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None. 20

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [,not knowing what they do!]

Bene. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soule Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did give her me.

Cla. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift? 30

Prin. Nothing, unlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: There *Leonato*, take her backe againe, Give not this rotten Orenge to your friend, Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid she blushes heere! O what authoritie and shew of truth

Can cunning sinne cover it selfe withall!
 Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence,
 To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare 40
 All you that see her, that she were a maide,
 By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
 She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
 Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
 Not to knit my soule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,
 Have vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
 And made defeat of her virginities. 50

Clau. I know what you would say: if I have knowne
 her, |

You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
 And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No *Leonato*,
 I never tempted her with word too large,
 But as a brother to his sister, shewed
 Bashfull sinceritie and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
 You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
 As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne: 60
 But you are more intemperate in your blood,
 Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalls,
 That rage in savage sensualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
 To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall. 71

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter, |

And by that fatherly and kindly¹ power, ^{1 natural}
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe. 80

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,

Hero it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this. 90

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must heare: upon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

80. *doe, as:* do so, as—Q.2F.

92. *you are:* are you—Q.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of, 101
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke up all the gates of Love, 110
And on my eie-lids shall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let us go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe uncle,

Hero, why *Hero*, Uncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier. 120

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero*?

Fri. Have comfort Ladie.

Leon. Dost thou looke up?

Frier. Yea, wherfore should she not?

Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood? 130

Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
 For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
 Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
 My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
 Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
 O one too much by thee: why had I one?
 Why ever was't thou lovelie in my eies?
 Why had I not with charitable hand
 Tooke up a beggars issue at my gates, 140
 Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
 I might have said, no part of it is mine:
 This shame derives it selfe from unknowne loines,
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
 That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
 Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
 Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
 And salt too little, which may season give 150
 To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
 in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No truly: not although untill last night,
 I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
 Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie, 160

134. *reward*: rearward—Q.2-4F. 141. *smeered*: smirched—Q

151-3. 3 ll. ending patient, wonder, say—POPE.

156. *truly*: not: truly, not;—ROWE.

160. *the Princes*: the two princes—Q.

Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have onely bene silent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I have markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold 170
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Under some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation, 180
A sinne of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me converst,
At houres unmeete, or that I yesternight 190
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

163-5. 4 ll. ending been, unto, fortune, mark'd-CAMBRIDGE.

168. beare: beat-Q.

174. tenure: tenour-THEOBALD.

Fri. There is some strange misprision¹ in the Princes.

Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misled in this: ¹ *mistake*
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall wel heare of it. 200
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune made such havocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause awhile:

And let my counsell sway you in this case, 210
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine unto a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?

Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good, 220
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this travaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
 Of every hearer: for it so fals out,
 That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we racke the value, then we finde
 The vertue that possession would not shew us 230
 Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 When he shal heare she dyed upon his words,
 Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
 Into his study of imagination.
 And every lovely Organ of her life,
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
 More moving delicate, and ful of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soule
 Then when she liv'd indeed: then shal he mourne,
 If ever Love had interest in his Liver, 240
 And wish he had not so accused her:
 No, though he thought his accusation true:
 Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
 Wil fashion the event in better shape,
 Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
 But if all ayme but this be levelld false,
 The supposition of the Ladies death,
 Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
 And if it sort not well, you may conceale her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation, 250
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
 And though you know my inwarlnesse¹ and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*.¹ *intimacy*
 Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,

252. *tongnes*: *tongues*—Q.2-4F.

As secretly and justlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me. 260

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeve your fair cosin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of mee
that would right her! 271

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe love nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but
beleeve me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin. 281

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you love mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be devised to it, I pro-
test I love thee.

283. *by it:* out-Q.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice? 290

Beat. You have stayd me in a happy howre, I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*. 300

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thineemie? 308

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation uncovered slander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered, she is undone. 320

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties¹! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect,² a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieving.

¹ *noblemen* 330

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way then swearing by it.

² *affected nobleman*

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Claudio* shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*] 341

[Scene ii. *A prison.*]

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

[*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*]

Keeper. [*Dog.*] Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. [*Verg.*] O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton. |

323. *Count:* count, Count-Q.

338. *so leave:* so I leave-Q.

326. *cursies:* courtesies-3-4F.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. [*Dog.*] Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cotvley. [*Verg.*] Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition | to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable. 10

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is | your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Kem. [*Dog.*] Pray write downe *Borachio.* Yours sirra. |

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

Kee. [*Dog.*] Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai- | sters, doe you serve God:

[*Both.* Yea, sir, we hope. |

Kem. [*Dog.*] Write downe, that they hope they serve God: | and write God first, for God defend but God should goe | before such villaines:] maisters, it is proved alreadie | that you are little better than false knaves, and it will goe | neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your | selves? 20

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I | will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word | in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false | knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in | a tale: have you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. ¹readiest 31

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Yea marry, that's the efast¹ way, 17. bracketed ll. in Q.

let the watch | come forth: masters, I charge you in the
Princes name, | accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don John* the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Write down, Prince *John* a villaine:
why this | is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Master Constable.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like
thy looke | I promise thee. 41

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had received a thousand Du-
kates of *Don John*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrong-
fully.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Flat Burglarie as ever was com-
mitted. |

Const. [*Verg.*] Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane upon his
words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and
not marry her. 51

Kemp. [*Dog.*] O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd
into ever- | lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny,
Prince *John* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero*
was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
and upon the grieve of this sodainely died: Master Con-
stable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*,
I will goe before, and shew him their examination. 61

[*Exit.*]

Const. [*Dog.*] Come, let them be opinion'd.

47. by th'masse: by mass-Q.

60. *Leonato*: *Leonato's* (*Leonatoes*)-Q.

Sex. [*Verg.*] Let them be in the hands [*Con.*] of *Coxcombe.* |

Kem. [*Dog.*] Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write | downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them | thou naughty varlet.

Couley. [*Con.*] Away, you are an asse, you are an asse. | 67

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not | suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee | downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: | though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an | asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of piety as shall be prov'd | upon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and | which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoul- | der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in | Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and every thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse! *Exit.* 80

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Before Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato and his brother [Antonio].

Brother. [*Ant.*] If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, |

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,

63. of *Coxcombe*: Off, *Coxcomb*! separate l. —WARBURTON.

75. any in: any is in—Q.

Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
 As water in a sive: give not me counsaile,
 Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
 But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine. 10
 Bring me a father that so lov'd his childe,
 Whose joy of her is over-whelmed like mine,
 And bid him speake of patience,
 Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
 And let it answer every straine for straine,
 As thus for thus, and such a grieve for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shap^e, and forme:
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
 And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
 Patch grieve with proverbs, make misfortune drunke, 20
 With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience:
 But there is no such man, for brother, men
 Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that grieve,
 Which they themselves not feele, but tasting it,
 Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
 Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
 Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
 No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience 30
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow:
 But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
 To be so morall, when he shall endure
 The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsaile,
 My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.¹ ¹ *admonition*
Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
 For there was never yet Philosopher,

9. *comfort*: comforter-Q.10. *dotb*: do-Q.19. *And sorrow*: Bid sorrow-CAPELL.

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
 How ever they have writ the stile of gods, 40
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,
 Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
 My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den. 50

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We have some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
 Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with us, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himse^le with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
 thou: | 60

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beshrew my hand,
 If it should give your age such cause of feare,
 Infaieth my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, never fleere and jest at me,
 I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
 As under priviledge of age to bragge,
 What I have done being yong, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head, 70
 Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
 And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,
 Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
 I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
 And she lies buried with her ancestors:
 O in a tombe where never scandall slept,
 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany? 80

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

Ile prove it on his body if he dare,
 Despight his nice fence, and his active practise,
 His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe¹ me? thou hast kild my child,
 If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man. ¹ befool

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, 90
 But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win me and weare me, let him answere me,

Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
 Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning² fence,

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. ² thrusting

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your self, God knows I lov'd my neece,
 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
 That dare as well answer a man indeede,
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 100

Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

71. my: mine-Q.

Bro. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
 That lye, and cog,¹ and flout, deprave, and slander,
 Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,
 And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
 And this is all. ¹ deceive 110

Leon. But brother *Anthonie*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
 Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
 My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
 But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
 But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

120

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
 almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our two noses snapt
 off with two old men without teeth. 130

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had
 wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for
 them.

120. *Enter Benedicke:* shifted to after l. 124 - CAPELL.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.

Clau. We have beene up and downe to seeke thee, for we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine have it beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side? 140

Clau. Never any did so, though verie many have been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subject. 150

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villaine, I jest not, I will make it good | how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: | do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you have | kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heavie on | you, let me heare from you. | 162

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

148. and: an-CAPELL.

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calves head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily. 170

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: just said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleieve said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday mornning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proprest man in Italie. 182

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee did not hate him deadlie, shee would love him dearely, the old mans daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the savage Bulls hornes on the sensible *Benedicks* head? 191

Clau. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank

you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebear there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him. [Exit.] 202

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

*Enter Constable [Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch],
Conrade, and Borachio.* 210

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke up my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. [*Dog.*] Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee | shall nere weigh more reasons in her balance, nay, and | you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to. |

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord. 220

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Const. Marrie sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

216. and: an—THEOBALD.

Prin. First I aske thee what they have done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

230

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Who have you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your verie eies: what your wisdomes could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incensed¹ me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate over to my shame: the Ladie is dead upon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

¹*instigated*

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

251

Clau. I have drunke poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie, And fled he is upon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

258

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time

our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter:
and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place
shall serve, that I am an Asse.

Con. 2. [*Verg.*] Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and | the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato [and Antonio, with the Sexton].

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kild mine innocent childe? 271

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose¹ me to what penance your invention 281
Can lay upon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not, ¹*command*
But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend under anie heavie waight,
That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I praie you both,

270. *thou thou the: thou the-Q.*

270-2. 2 ll. ending kill'd, alone-Q.

Possesse¹ the people in *Messina* here, 290
 How innocent she died, and if your love
 Can labour aught in sad invention, ¹*acquaint*
 Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb,
 And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
 To morrow morning come you to my house,
 And since you could not be my sonne in law,
 Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,
 And she alone is heire to both of us,
 Give her the right you should have giv'n her cosin
 And so dies my revenge. 301

Clau. O noble sir!

Your overkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
 I do embrace your offer, and dispose
 For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
 To night I take my leave, this naughtie man
 Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
 Who I beleeve was packt² in all this wrong,
 Hired to it by your brother. ²*implicated* 310

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
 But alwaies hath bin just and vertuous,
 In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover sir, which indeede is not under white
 and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee
 asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punish-
 ment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deform-
 ed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hang-
 ing by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which
 he hath us'd so long, and never paied, that now men grow
 hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie
 you examine him upon that point. 323

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankfull and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

330

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

341

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*:

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with | *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd | fellow.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *Leonato's garden.*]

Enter Benedicke and Margaret [meeting].

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living

344-6. 2 ll. ending *Margaret*, fellow—POPE.

shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne. 20

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. [*Sings*] The God of love that | sits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitti- | full I deserve. I meane in singing, but in loving, Lean- | der the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of | pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam car- | pet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the e- | ven rode of a blanke verse, why they were never so true- | ly turned over and over as my poore selfe in love: mar- | rie I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no | rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, | horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time:

26-8. *The God ... deserve*: 4 ll. ending love, above, 2d. and knows me, deserve—CAPELL.

31. *name*: names—Q. 3-4F. 34. *it rime*: it in rhyme—Q. 3-4F.

36. *time ... time*: rhyme ... rhyme—Q. 2-4F.

verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne under a riming Plannet, for I cannot woove in festivall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee? 41

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkist. 51

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of evill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? 61

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeede, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woove peaceable.

38. for: nor-Q.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe. 70

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin? 83

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste. 89

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooved my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Uncles. *Exeunt.*

74. *monumen's*: monument—Q. *Bels ring*: bell rings—Q.

[Scene iii. *A church.*]*Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.**Clau.* Is this the monument of *Leonato*?*Lord.* It is my Lord.[*Claud.* *Reading out of a scroll.*]*Epitaph.* |*Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:**Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:**So the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.**Hang thou there upon the tombe,* 10*Praising her when I am dombe.**Clau.* Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne*Song.**Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe us to sigh and grone.
Heavily, heavily.**Graves yawne and yeelde your dead,* 20
*Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.**Lo.* [*Claud.*] Now unto thy bones good night, yeerely
will I do | this right. |*Prin.* Good morrow masters, put your Torches out.

18. 2 rhymed ll.—3-4F.

22. *Heavenly, heavenly*: *Heavily, heavily*—Q.23. 2 rhymed ll.—*Rowe*.

The wolves have preied, and looke, the gentle day
 Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
 Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well. 29

Clau. Good morrow masters, each his severall way.

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weedes,
 And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
 Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, Bene. [*Beatrice*] *Marg. Ursula, old man* [*Antonio*], *Frier* [*Francis*], *Hero.* |

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
 Upon the errour that you heard debated:
 But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
 Although against her will as it appeares,
 In the true course of all the question.

Old. [*Ant.*] Well, I am glad that all things sort so well. |

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
 To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it. 10

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
 Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
 And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
 The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
 To visit me, you know your office Brother,
 You must be father to your brothers daughter,
 And give her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior? 20

Bene. To binde me, or undoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd, 30
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

[Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.]

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an *Ethiope*. 40

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you have such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

Claud. I thinke he thinkes upon the savage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all *Europa* shall rejoyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull *Jove* sir, had an amiable low, 50
 And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
 A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Enter brother, [Antonio with] Hero, Beatrice,
 Margaret, Ursula, masked. |*

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
 Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leo. [*Ant.*] This same is she, and I doe give you
 her. |

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
 Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her. 60

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
 I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
 [*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* died, but I doe live,
 And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,¹ 71
 When after that the holy rites are ended, ^{1 moderate}
 Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
 Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
 And to the chappell let us presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name, what
 is your will? |

52. *A:* And-Q.3-4F.

67. *died, but:* died defiled, but-Q.

Bene. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, have beene deceived, they swore you did. 81

Beat. Doe not you love mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Ursula* Are much deceiv'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence. 89

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And Ile be sworne upon't, that he loves her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our
hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take
thee for pittie. 100

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
yeeld upon great perswasion, & partly to save your life,
for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. [*Bene.*] Peace I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-
crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou

80-1. 2 ll. ending *Claudio*, did-Q.

86, 87. swore you: swore that you-Q.

88. no matter: no such matter-Q.

think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me, for I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin. 116

Cla. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that | I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make | thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, | if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee. | 120

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heeles.

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word, therefore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more reverend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Mes.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*. 129

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile devise thee brave punishments for him: strike up Pipers. *Dance.*
[*Exeunt.*]

112. *for I:* for what I-Q. 3-4F.

FINIS.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

First printed in Quarto, 1598

The First Folio supplies acts and stage directions.
and shows variations from the Quarto text

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'LOVES LABOUR'S LOST' is slight and pleasing in texture—a drama of dialogue and kindly cynicism. It deals with the overturning of ill-considered oaths for love, and the futility of love when begun in awkward fashion.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and three of his lords forswear the society of women and agree to lead secluded lives devoted to study for three years—this despite the fact that the Princess of France is on her way to the court of Navarre, where the king should receive her. The court is nevertheless barred to women; and so stringent is the edict that a clown caught making love is sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

Act II introduces the French princess and her ladies, who are entertained in pavilions erected for them outside the royal gates. The king and his three gentlemen visit the ladies, whom they find so attractive as to cause them to regret their oath.

Act III is concerned with the progress of their several passions, also with the further adventures of Costard the clown, now released from imprisonment and employed as the bearer of love-missives.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

Costard gets his messages confused, in Act IV, much to the amusement of the princess's company. The four gentlemen are by this time hopelessly enamoured of the princess and her three principal companions—so much so, that each in turn is surprised in an avowal. Their vows being jointly broken, none is left to jeer; and all unite in plans to woo their visitors.

Act V shows the change in tactics and the profusion of love-tokens now showered upon the ladies, to their great merriment. The gentlemen purpose visiting them in disguise. The ladies get wind of the plan and also mask themselves, greatly to the confusion of their wooers. The gentlemen acknowledge themselves beaten, and each sues openly for his lady's hand. But the four ladies, in quiet revenge, put their suitors upon a year's probation.

SOURCES

The plot has not been traced to any earlier story, and is now believed to be original with Shakespeare. Besides being a comedy of character, it also reveals a slight historical frame-work and a reference to at least six passing events.

(1) One of the chief references is that of the 'Acha-deme,' and the king's project to study for three years, which bears close resemblance to the educational plans of Elizabeth's reign.

(2) The choice of a King of Navarre for hero bears reference to the long-contested succession to the throne of France by Henry of Navarre, whose cause was then quite popular in England. Henry's generals appear in the play under slightly changed names. The Maréchal de Biron and the Duc de Longueville fought promi-

INTRODUCTION

nently on Navarre's side. The Duc de Mayenne, however, was of the opposite party, though now reduced to submission. Biron's name was well known in England. Chapman made him the hero of two plays.

(3) The meeting of the King of Navarre with the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the king with Catherine de' Medici in 1586, to agree upon disputed territories. Navarre and France once made a bargain, similar to that outlined by Shakespeare, concerning the cession of Aquitaine.

(4) The reference to the Russian masquerade in the last act is supposedly an allusion to an actual embassy on the part of the Russian czar, Ivan the Terrible, to the English queen, suing for her hand or that of her niece, Lady Mary Hastings.

(5) The ridicule of blundering constables and pompous schoolmasters may easily have referred to these weak sides of rural life in Shakespeare's day. Sir Philip Sidney had also introduced the figure of a conceited pedant in a play of his, presented in 1578, which, in his use of foreign phrases, has a little resemblance to Shakespeare's *Holofernes*.

(6) Affectations in speech and dress, as exemplified especially by Armado, the fantastic Spaniard, were characteristic of the day. Armado shows a likeness to Don Quixote, Cervantes's immortal creation of a later year. But it is noteworthy that Armado was drawn from the life. His death was commemorated by Thomas Churchyard in 1580, in a poem entitled 'The Phantasticall Monarckes Epitaphe.'

It should be noted, also, that 'the pageant of the Nine Worthies' was a frequent subject of exhibition in English country towns of Shakespeare's day.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The action is comprised in two days. The princess apparently arrives on the same day the action begins, and a settlement of her mission is promised for 'to-morrow.' Act III seems to take place on the morning of the second day, and in Act IV the princess speaks of the day as being that when she shall receive her state papers. The hunt seems to take place that afternoon, and the masque immediately afterward.

The time of action, as has been seen, was coincident with the presentation of the play.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The title-page of the Quarto edition of 'Loves Labour's Lost' shows that the play was revised before the end of 1597. The indirect allusions to the French civil war of 1591, and the reference to the plague (V. ii. 466-70) which raged in London in 1592, place it somewhere between 1592 and 1597.

The external evidence is confined to two sources. In 1598 Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' mentions it with 'Midsommer Nights Dreame' and other plays as then being known to the public. In the same year Robert Tofte, in a poem entitled 'Alba,' alludes to this as a play he 'once did see.' But these two bits of testimony do not go back of our Quarto date of 1597.

Internally the play bears evidence of being written in the first, or rhyming, period, and revised in maturer years. It is probably the earliest of the comedies, as is shown by its poetic rather than its dramatic qualities, its balancing of characters, and its sketchy characterization. Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice, while Armado and Jaquenetta pre-

INTRODUCTION

figure Touchstone and Audrey. Finally, the lyric qualities, conceits, and word-quibbling, together with the slight plot and stock characters of older plays,—the pedant, the curate, the braggart, and the country yokels,—all reinforce this premise that it was written between 1594 and 1597.

EARLY EDITIONS

In 1598 the play was first printed in a Quarto bearing the following title:

‘A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loves labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W; for Cutbert Burby, 1598.’

It next appeared, 1623, in the First Folio; later, in 1631, in a Second Quarto, and thereafter, in 1632, 1664, and 1685, in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios.

The First Folio edition reprints the First Quarto, with divisions into acts, with stage directions, lacking in the Quarto, and with some variations, causing difference of opinion as to which gives the better text. Most notable of these changes in the Folio is the addition of Armado’s last line at the close of the play.

Neither Quarto nor Folio gives scene settings or list of *Dramatis Personæ*. These were supplied first by Rowe.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET,

MERCADE, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Foreser.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Navarre.*]

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *The King of Navarre's park.*]

*Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill,
and Dumaine.*

Ferdinand.

LET *Fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy: 9
That honour which shall bate¹ his sythes keene edge,
And make us heyres of all eternitie. ^{1 blunt}
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Berowne, Dumaine, and Longavill,* 19
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with me:

2. *Berowne: Biron—2-4F.*

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.

Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longavill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits, 30
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My loving Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,
That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict observances: 40

As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on every day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.

When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there. 50
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

31. *bankerout*: bankrupt (bancrout) quite-1Q.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not
know. 61

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common
sense. |

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Berc. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath, 70
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while 80
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,

54. *and if:* an if—THEOBALD.

62. *bard:* barr'd—ROWE.

67. *fast:* feast—THEOBALD.

77. *and:* but—IQ.

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
 Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
 That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
 Small have continuall plodders ever wonne, 91
 Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
 These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
 That give a name to every fixed Starre,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
 And every Godfather can give a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the
 weeding. 102

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a
 breeding.

Dum. How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an envious sneaping ¹ Frost,
 That bites the first borne infants of the Spring. ¹snipping

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
 Before the Birds have any cause to sing? 112

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:

But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, fit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarisme spoke more, 121

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne,

And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.

Give me the paper, let me reade the same,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Ber. [*Reads*] *Item.* That no woman shall come
within a mile | of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

130

Lon. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie. [*Reads*]

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who devis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

[*Biron*] A dangerous law against gentilitie.¹ ¹*urbanity*

[*Reads*] *Item,* If any man be seene to talke with a
woman with- | in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall
indure such | publique shame as the rest of the Court
shall possibly | devise. 142

Ber. This Article my Liedge your felfe must breake,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleate majestie,

118. *That were to:* out. *the gate:* the little gate-1Q.

119. *fit:* sit-1Q.

123. *sworne:* swore-1Q. 2-4F.

141. *shall:* can-1Q.

143. *felfe:* self-1Q.

About surrender up of *Aquitaine*:
 To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither. 150

Fer. What say you Lords?
 Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie evermore is overshot,
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
 She must lye¹ here on meere necessitie. ^{1 lodge}

Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworne 160
 Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
 For every man with his affects is borne,
 Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
 If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
 I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
 So to the Lawes at large I write my name, [*Subscribes*]
 And he that breakes them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainer of eternall shame.

Suggestions² are to others as to me: ^{2 temptations}
 But I beleeeve although I seeme so loth, 170
 I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
 But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
 With a refined travailer of *Spaine*,
 A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
 One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
 Doth ravish like inchanting harmonie:

151-2. 1 l.-1Q.

169. others: other-1Q.

164. breake for: speak for-1Q.

177. who: whom-2. 4F.

A man of complements¹ whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutinie. ¹ *accomplishments*
 This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,² ² *called* 181
 For interim to our studies shall relate,
 In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
 From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
 How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
 But I protest I love to heare him lie,
 And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
 And so to studie, three yeeres is but short. 191

Enter a Constable [Dull] with Costard with a Letter.

Const. [*Dull*] Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
 his graces Tharborough:³ But I would see his own person
 in flesh and blood. ³ *constable*

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeour *Arme*, *Arme* commends you: 199
 Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Glow. [*Cost.*] Sir the Contempts thereof are as touch-
 ing | mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
 high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us pa-
 tience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

189. *fire*, *new*: fire-new-POPE.

194. *This fellow*: This, fellow-ROWE.

208. *bearing*: laughing-CAPELL.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both. 210

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to
clime in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with
her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the
Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme
following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner
of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some
forme. 222

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-
fend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
flesh.

Ferdinand. [*Reads*]

230

*Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sove domi-
nator of Navar, my soules earths God, and bodies fo-
string patrone:*

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Ferd. [*Reads*] *So it is.*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

240

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. [*Reads*] So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I | did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole- | some Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gen- | tleman, betooke myselfe to walke: the time *When?* about the | sixt houre, *When* beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men | sit downe to that nonrishment which is called supper: So much | for the time *When*. Now for the ground *Which?* which I | meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped,¹ *Thy Parke*. Then for the | place *Where?* where I meane I did encounter that obscene and | most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen | the ebon coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beholdest, | survayest, or seest. But to the place *Where?* It standeth | North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy | curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri- | ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (*Clown. Mee?*) | that unletered small knowing soule, (*Clow Me?*) that shallow | vassall (*Clow. Still mee?*) which as I remember, hight¹ Co- | stard, (*Clow. O me*) sorted and consorted contrary to thy e- | stablished proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which | with, & with, but with this I passion to say where- with: | ¹ called 261

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; | or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my | ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive | the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony | Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation. |

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull*.

247. nonrishment: nourishment—IQ.

256-9. separate ll. for *Clow.* and *Ferd.*—HANMER.

260. Continent: continent—IQ.

Ferd. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her | as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy | sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of | devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado. 274

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation? 280

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin. 289

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

270. *keeper ber: keep her*—1Q.2-4F.

274. *Adriana: Adriano*—1Q. 286-8. *Damosell: damsell*—1Q

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliver'd ore, 300
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

[*Excunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will prove an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Faquenetta*, and *Faquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and untill then sit downe sorrow.

Exit. 310

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. [*Moth*] A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. [*Arm.*] Why? sadnesse is one and the selfesame thing | deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Juvenall*? 9

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenall*? Why tender *Juvenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Juvenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

309. untill: till. sit downe: sit thee down—IQ.

14. apathaton: epitheton—2-4F.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt. 19

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke. 29

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. [*Aside*] He speakes the meere contrary, crosses¹ love not him. | ^{1 coins}

Br. I have promis'd to study iii. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir. 40

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study?

28. *ingenuous*: *ingenious*—1Q.2-4F.

39. *fits*: *fitteth*—1Q.

46. *vulgar call*: *vulgar do call*—1Q.

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yer'es to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure. 51

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in love: and as it is base for a Souldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love? 61

Boy. *Hercules* Master.

Brag. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong joynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampsons* love my deare *Moth*? 72

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions? 79

3. you'll: ye'll-IQ.

Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee. 90

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which native she doth owe: 100

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune. 108

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression¹ by some mighty president.

¹ *transgression*

86. *immaculate*: *maculate*—1Q.

95. *blush-in*: *blushing*—2-4F.

103, 105. *ballet*: *ballad*—Rowe.

Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserves well.

Boy. [*Aside*] To bee whip'd: and yet a better love then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in iove.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past. 119

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench [Jaquenetta].

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman.¹ Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my felfe with blushing: Maide.

Maid. [*Jaq.*] Man. ¹ *dairy-woman*

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate. 130

Mai. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I love thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. [*Dull*] Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

16. iove: love—IQ.2-4F.

22. let him take: suffer him to take—IQ.

23. bee must: a' must—IQ.

133. what: that—IQ.2-4F.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned. 140

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent up sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison. 151

Clow. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.* [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*] 159

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angell but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* But shaft¹ is too hard for Her-
1 arrow

156. *be silent*: be too silent—IQ.

163. *ia*: is—IQ.

166. *yet Sampson was*: yet was Samson—IQ.

167. *Salomon*: Solomon—3-4F.

cules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Aduce Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea hee loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies [Rosaline, Maria, Katharine], and three Lords [Boyet, etc.].

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*, the plea of no lesse weight 10
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. [*Prin.*] Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though
but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,

Not uttred by base sale of chapmens¹ tongues:
 I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth, 20
 Then you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine. ¹*shopmen's*
 But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
 Doth noyse abroad *Navar* hath made a vow,
 Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
 No woman may approach his silent Court:
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe 30
 Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
 As our best moving faire soliciter:
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
 On serious businesse craving quicke dispatch,
 Importunes personall conference with his grace.
 Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
 Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
 Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
 fellows with this vertuous Duke? 41

Lor. *Longavill* is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

1 *Lady.* [*Mar.*] I know him Madame at a marriage
 feast, |

Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
 Of *Jaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandie* saw I this *Longavill*,
 A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd:
 Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:

24. *Prin.* out—1Q. 2-4F.

40-1. 2 five-accent ll.—2Rowe.

42. *Longavill*: Lord Longaville—CAPELL.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. 50

The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,

If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:

Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* [*Kath.*] The yong *Dumaine*, a well accom-
plisht youth, | 60

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.

Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though she had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,

And much too little of that good I saw,

Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,

Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man, 70

Within the limit of becomming mirth,

I never spent an houres talke withall.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,

For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.

Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged eares play treuant at his tales,

And yonger hearings are quite ravished.

So sweet and voluble is his discourse. 80

64. *she: he*—1Q.2-4F.

65. *Alansoes: Alençon's* (Alanson's)—Rowe. 69. *as I: if I*—1Q.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Navar* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest¹ to meete you gentle Lady ¹ *prepared*
Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, 90
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Navar*.

Nav. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Navar*.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I
have not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine. 101

Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 110

107. *it will: it; will*—CAPELL.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Houseekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolve me in my suite.

Nav. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay. 120

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske. 130

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa. Faire fall the face it covers.

Ber. And send you many lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.

But say that he, or we, as neither have 140
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,

129. a day: o' day—THEOBALD.

Although not valued to the moneys worth.
 If then the King your father will restore
 But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
 And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
 But that it seemes he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaie, 150
 An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
 One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 To have his title live in *Aquitaine*.
 Which we much rather had depart¹ withall, ¹ *parted from*
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Then *Aquitane*, so guelded as it is.
 Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
 From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
 A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
 And goe well satisfied to *France* againe. 160

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confesse receyt
 Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
 And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
 Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a summe, from speciall Officers, 170
 Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
 Where that and other specialties are bound,
 To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

150. *repaie*: repaid—1Q.2-4F.

151. *An*: A—1Q.

152. *One*: On—THEOBALD.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
 All liberall reason would I yeeld unto:
 Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As Honour, without breach of Honour may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse. 180
 You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
 But heere without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
 Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
 To morrow we shall visit you againe. ¹ *accompany*

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort¹ your grace.

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. [*Biron*] Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart. |

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations, 190
 I would be glad to see it.

Boy. [*Biron*] I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. [*Biron*] Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. [*Biron*] Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. [*Biron*] Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife.

Boy. [*Biron*] Now God save thy life. 200

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

177. would I yeeld: I will yield-1Q. 184. farther: fair-1Q.

186. we shall: shall we-1Q. 189. my owne: mine own-2Q

193. soule: fool-1Q.

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe, 210

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

220

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word. 229

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

205. *Rosalin*: *Katharine*—SINGER.

210-1. 1 l.—1Q.

222. *Katherine*: *Rosaline*—SINGER.

208. *if*: *an* (and)—1Q.

214. *a your*: *on your*—1Q.

[*Boyet*] And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on
your lips. |

La. You Sheep and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

La. Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though severall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me. 240

Prin. Good wits wil be jangling, but gentles agree.

This civill warre of wits were much better used

On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my observation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire, 250
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot¹ with your print impressed, ¹*agate*
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
glast, |
Did point out to buy them along as you past. 261

250. *doe*: *did*-1Q.

260. *whence*: *where*-1Q.

261. *point out*: *point you*-1Q.

His faces owne margent¹ did coate² such amazes, ¹ *margin*
 That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes. ² *note*
 Ile give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
 And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro. [*Boyet*] But to speak that in words, which his eie
 hath disclos'd. |

I onelie have made a mouth of his eie,
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest
 skilfully. 271

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news
 of him.

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] Then was *Venus* like her mother, for
 her fa- | ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. [*Mar.*] No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.* 280

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-
 ring.

Boy. Concolinel. [*Singing.*]

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take
 this Key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-

262. coate: quote—2Q.

stinatly¹ hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Love.

¹ *quickly* 10

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?²

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French? ² *a dance*

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie² to it with the feete, humour it with turning up your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through: nose as if you snuft up love by smelling love with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot. 30

Bra. Cal'st thou my love Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and and your Love perhaps, a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

11. begins Master—IQ.

14. *the feete*: your feet—IQ.

15. *eie*: eyelids—IQ.

16. *if*: as if—THEOBALD.

17. *singing, love sometime*: singing love, sometime—THEOBALD.

17. *through*: nose: through the nose—2-4F.

25. *note men*: note me?—WARBURTON.

28. *penne*: penny—HANMER.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove? 40

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter. 50

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse upon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brad. I say Lead is slow. 61

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

Bra. A most acute Juvenall, voluble and free of grace,

By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gives thee place. 70
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page [Moth] and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard*¹ broken in a
shin. 1 head

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenvoy*
begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenvoy*, no salve, in thee
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenvoy*, no
lenvoy, no Salve sir, but a Plantan. 79

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie
thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes
me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take *salve* for *lenvoy*, and the word *len-
voy* for a *salve*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenvoy* a
salve?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
plaine, |

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.

[I will example it:

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenvoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenvoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
And staid the oddes by adding foure.]

77. *thee*: *the*-2-4F.

88. *faine*: *sain*-1Q.

78. *male*: *mail*-CAMBRIDGE.

88-9. bracketed ll.-1Q.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenvoy*. 90

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more? [flat

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose. 100

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenvoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-
voy*, some Goose in this. 120

98. and: an-POPE.

105-6. 1 l.-1Q.

101-2. 1 l.-1Q.

112-3. 1 l.-1Q.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: [*Giving a letter.*] Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Faquenetta*: | there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours | is rewarding my dependants.

Moth, follow. | 130

Pag. Like the sequell I.

Signeur Costard adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie¹ Jew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. ¹*fine* Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i. d. no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 140

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

122. *emured*: immured-2-4F.

129. *honours*: honour-1Q.

137. *i. d.*: one (a) penny-Rowe.

137-8. *Why?* It carries it remuneration: Why, it carries it. Remuneration!-THEOBALD.

138-9. *then a French-Crowne*: than French crown-1Q.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, 150

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you have it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clō. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clō. I shall know sir, when I have done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clō. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,

Harke slave, it is but this: 160

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

[*Giving him a shilling.*]

Clō. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a levenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit. 170

Ber. O, and I forsooth in love,

I that have beene loves whip?

A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent. ¹veiled

This wimpled,¹ whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

147. *threefarthings*: three-farthing-1Q.

147, 149, 153, 155, 171. O out-CAMBRIDGE.

171-2. 1 l.-1Q.

173-4. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

This signior *Junios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
 Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
 Th'annointed soveraigne of sighes and groanes: 180
 Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
 Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
 Sole Emperator and great generall
 Of trotting Parrators¹ (O my little heart.) ¹*court clerks*
 And I to be a Corporall of his field,
 And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
 What? I love, I sue, I seeke a wife,
 A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
 Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
 And never going a right, being a Watch: 190
 But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
 Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
 With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
 I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,
 Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
 To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect, 200
 Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
 Some men must love my Lady, and some Jone.

178. *signior Junios*: senior-junior—THEOBALD, HANMER.

178. *don*: Dan—IQ.

187. *What?* What I! (What? I!)—MALONE.

188. *Cloake*: clock—2-4F. 194. *whitly*: wightly—CAMBRIDGE.

202. *shue*, *grone*: sue and groan—2-4F.

Actus Quartus.[Scene i. *The same.*]*Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.*

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush 10
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, never paint me now, 20
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:

Thus will I save my credit in the shoote, 30
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
 And out of question, so it is sometimes:
 Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
 The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst¹ wives hold that selfe-soveraigntie
 Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be 41
 Lords ore their Lords? ^{1 shrewish}

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
 Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have
 no heads. 50

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
 And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
 One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
 Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
 To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. 61

Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Faquetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reades.

69

By heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroi-call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and overcame: hee came one; see, two; covercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captive is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command

61-2. 1 l.-1Q.

78. See: saw-2-4F.

79. see: saw-Rowe. covercame: overcame-2Q.3-4F.

84. the King: the King's-2Q.3-4F.

thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreate thy love? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy everie part.

94

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play. 100
But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates. 110

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

96. *Adriana: Adriano*—2Q. *Armatbo: Armado*—2-4F.
103-5. 2 rhymed ll.—1Q.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
 [*To Ros.*] Here sweete, put up this, 'twill be thine
 another day. |

Exeunt [Princess and train]. 121

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
 Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
 Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare? 130

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee
 strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:

Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
 was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
 touching the hit it. 139

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that
 was a woman when *Queene Guinover* of *Brittaine* was a
 little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*]

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

122. shooter: suitor—STEEVENS. 132. Finely .. indeede: 1 l.—3-4F.
 135-6. 1 l.—1Q.

145. I: An (And) 1—1Q. THEOBALD. 146. And: An—THEOBALD.

Mar. A marke marveilous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady. 151

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeeде a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.¹ 1 centre

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the upshoot by cleaving the is in. 159

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely,² your lips grow foule. 2 grossly

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe. O my troth most sweete jests, most inconie vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. 170

Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man. To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

149. *hit*: hit it-4F.

153. *a'th*: o' the-2Q.

156. *And*: An-THROBALD.

159. *is in*: pin-2-4F.

171. *Armathor ath to the*: Armado o' th' one-2Rowe.

Ah heavens, it is most pathetical nit.¹

Sowla, sowla.

¹ mite

Exeunt.

Shoote within.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truely, and done in the testi- | mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater,² who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab² on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

² apple

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are | sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure | ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

11

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.³ 2-year buck

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.³

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

20

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

176. *is most: is a most*—2-4F.

5. *as a: as the*—1Q.

178. *Shoote: Shout*—4F.

23. new l. at O—DYCE.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

28

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
us more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five
weekes old as yet?

42

Hol. *Dictisima* goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman
Dull.

Dul. What is *dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was
no more.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-
score. |

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

50

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds
n the Exchange.

30-3. *and..be*: 2 ll. ending *be*, *be*-HANMER.

1-2. *we taste*: *we of taste*-COLLIER.

3. *Dictisima*: *Dictynna*-ROWE.

5. *dictima*: *Dictynna* (*inna*)-2-4F.

9. *wrought*: *raught* (*rought*)-1Q.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket. 61

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore,¹ but not a sore, ¹ 4-year deer
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore, 70
then Sorell² jumps from thicket: ² 3-year deer
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him | with a talent. 80

Nath. [*Hol.*] This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo- | lish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob- | jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These | are begot in the ventricle of memorie,

60. call'd the Deare: call I the deer—CAMBRIDGE.

66-77. 6 rhymed ll.—ROWE.

75. O: one—CAMBRIDGE.

nourisht in the | wombe of primater, and delivered upon
the mellowing | of occasion: but the gift is good in those
in whom it is | acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so
may my | parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd
by you, | and their Daughters profit very greatly under
you: you | are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous,
they | shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be
capable, | I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca*
loquitur, a | soule Feminine saluteth us. 95

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow M. *Person*.

Nath. [*Hol.*] Master *Person*, *quasi Person*? And if
one should | be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a
hogshead. 101

Nath. [*Hol.*] Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster
of con- | ceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a
Flint, Pearle | enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee
this Letter, it was given mee by *Costard*, and sent mee
from *Don Armatbo*: I beseech you reade it. 107

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas om-*
nia sub um- | *bra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old

85. *primater*: *pia mater*—*Rowe*.

92. *ingennous*: *ingenious*—*Capell*.

94. *sapis*: *sapit*—2Q.2-4F.

98. *Person*.. *Person*: *Parson*.. *person*—2F. and. an—*Halliwell*.

99. *perst*: *pierced*—*Cambridge*.

102. *Of persing*: *Piercing*—*Cambridge*.

108. *Facile ... pecas omnia*: *Fauste ... pecus omne*—2-4F.

Mantuan, I | may speake of thee as the traveiler doth
of *Venice*, *vem-* | *chie, vencha, que non te unde, que non*
te perreche. Old *Man-* | *tuam*, old *Mantuan*. Who
understandeth thee not, *ut re* | *sol la mi fa*: Under par-
don sir, What are the contents? or | rather as *Horrace*
sayes in his, What my soule verses. | 114

Hol. [*Nath.*] I sir, and very learned.

Nath. [*Hol.*] Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse,
Lege do- | *mine*.

[*Nath. reads*] If Love make me forsworne, how
shall I sweare to love? |

Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull prove.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers
bowed. 122

Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that Art would compre-
hend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee com-
mend. |

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder. 131

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

110-1. *vemchie ... te perreche*: *Venetia, Venetia, Chi non ti vede*
non ti pretia—THEOBALD, CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

112. *not, ut*: not, loves thee not. *Ut*—1Q.

136. *cangenet*: *canzonet*—THEOBALD.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

144

Jaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. [*Hol.*] I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady *Rosaline*. | I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for | the nomination of the partie written to the person writ- | ten unto.

151

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me: 160
Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir you have done this in the feare of God very | religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-

37. *Nath.* out—THEOBALD.

41. *invention imitarie*: invention? Imitari—THEOBALD.

50. *written*: writing—ROWE.

53. *Per.* out. *Sir Holofernes*: Sir Nathaniel—CAPELL.

57. *band*: royal hand—IQ.

160-1. 1 l.—IQ.

ble colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marveilous well for the pen. 168

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, undertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
[*To Dull*] Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say
me nay: *pauca | verba.* 181

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch
pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set the
downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say
I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this
Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I
sheepe: Well proved againe a my side. I will not love
if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: b

170. *being repast: before repast*—1Q.

173. *bien vonuto: ben venuto*—2Rowe.

9. *a: o'*—CAPELL

this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone. 20

He stands aside. The King entreth [with a paper].

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. [*Aside*] Shot by heaven: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast | thumpt him with thy Birdbolt¹ under the left pap: in faith | secrets. ¹ *blunt arrow*

King. [*Reads*] So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne gives not, |

To those fresh 'morning drops upon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse have smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.

Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright, 30
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine give light:

Thou shin'st in every teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grieve will show:
But doe not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.

O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, 40
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.

How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaville [with a paper]. The King steps aside.

What *Longavill*, and reading : listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

Long. [*King*] In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame. |

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name. 50

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know, |

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Love,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards¹ on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop. ^{1 ornaments}

Lon. This same shall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye, 61

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perswade my heart to this false perjurie ?

Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,

Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,

Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is : 71

53. triumphery : triumvirv-2Rowe.

59. Shop : slop—THEOBALD.

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?*

Ber. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Coddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine [with a paper].

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play, 80
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted. 90

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine : Is not that a good word?

76. *Coddesse* : goddess—IQ.

87. *of a* : in a—IQ.

89. *coted* : quoted—CAPELL.

91-3. 2 rhymed ll.—THEOBALD.

97. *And mine* : And I mine—JOHNSON.

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be. 100

Ber. A Fever in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:

Love, whose Month is every May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Velvet, leaves the winde, 110

All unscene, can passage finde.

That the Lover sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heavens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth unmeete,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Doe not call it sinne in me, 120

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Jove would sweare,

Juno but an Æthiop were,

And denie himselfe for Jove.

Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longavill*,
 Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note : 130
 For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. [*Advancing*] *Dumaine*, thy Love is farre from
 charitie, |

That in Loves grieve desir'st societie:
 You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
 To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. [*Advancing*] Come sir, you blush : as his,
 your case is such, |

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not love *Maria*? *Longavile*,
 Did never Sonnet for her sake compile ;

Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart 140

His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I have beene closely shrowded in this bush,
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion :
 Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one ! O *Jove*, the other cries !

On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

[*To Long.*]

And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.

[*To Dum.*]

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare 150

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

147. On her: One, her-1Q.

151. Faith: Faith so-GLOBE.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.

[*Advancing.*]

Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
 Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These wormes for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares. 160
 There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
 Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
 O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seene.
 Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:¹ 170
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Salomon* tuning a Jygge?
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
 And gentle *Longavill*, where lies thy paine?
 And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
 A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.

180

Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
 To breake the vow I am ingad in.

160. *couches*: coaches—2Rowe.

166. *Moth* .. *Moth*: mote—Rowe. 173. *tuning*: to tune—1Q.

179. *Candle*: caudle—1Q.

182. *by me* .. *to you*: to me .. by you—CAPELL.

I am betrayed by keeping company
 With men, like men of inconstancie.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or grone for *Joane*? or spend a minutes time,
 In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
 a waste, a legge, a limme. 191

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquënetta and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir. 200

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
 Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. *Berowne*, read it over. *He reades the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Jaqu. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

[*Biron tears the letter.*]

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not
 feare it. 212

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*]

Ber. [*To Costard*] Ah you whoreson loggerhead,
you were borne | to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
up the messe.¹ ^{1 a set of four} 221

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be, 231
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline, |
That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East, 240
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

224-9. 4 rhymed ll.—THEOBALD.

232. *heaven will skew: heaven show*—1Q.

234. *are: were*—1Q. 3-4F.

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Love (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Love, day would turne to night, 250
Of all complexions the cul'd sovereignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where severall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fivescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye: 260
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke. 270

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.

Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
 It mournes, that painting usurping haire
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
 And therfore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
 Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
 For native bloud is counted painting now: 280
 And therefore red that would avoyd dispraise,
 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their sweet complexion crake.¹

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in raine,
 For feare their colours should be washt away. ¹boast

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
 Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day. 290

Ber. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
 The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love? 299

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leave this chat, & good *Berown* now prove
 Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this evill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the divell.

276. *painting*: painting and—Rowe.

300, 307. O out—CAMBRIDGE.

Dum. Some salve for perjurie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Have at you then affections men at armes,
 Consider what you first did sweare unto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman: 310
 Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to studie (Lords)
 In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of studies excellence,
 Without the beauty of a womans face;
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive, 320
 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
 Why, universall plodding poysons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You have in that forsworne the use of eyes:
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Author in the world, 330
 Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
 Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selves.
 Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we have made a Vow to studie, Lords,

311. *against*: 'gainst-1Q.

335. *With our selves* out-2-4F.

And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation have found out 340
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
 But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Lives not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power, 350
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Lovers eare will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snay.es.
 Loves tongue proves dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
 For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*. 360
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
 As bright *Apollo*'s Lute, strung with his haire.
 And when Love speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
 Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Untill his Inke were tempred with Loves sighes:
 O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
 They sparcle still the right prometean fire, 370
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.

Else none at all in ought proves excellent.

Then fooles you were these women to forswear:

Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles,

For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men love:

Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men.

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:

Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.

Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selves, 380

Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.

For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:

And who can sever love from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.

Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first advis'd,

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France? 390

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,

Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solace them:

Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,

Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted, 400

That will be time, and may by us be fitted. ¹weeds

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell,¹ reap'd no Corne,

378. *author:* authors—CAPELL.

402. *Alone, alone:* Allons! allons!—THEOBALD.

And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure.
 Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,
 If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

[Act V. Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection,¹ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatbo.* ¹*affectation* 10

Ped. *Novi hominum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke. 18

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt devise companions, such rackers of ortagrphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated

3. *quid*: quod—Rowe.

11. *hominum*: hominem—3-4F.

ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serve.

31

Enter Bragart, Boy [and Costard].

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. [To Moth] Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy. [Aside to Costard] They have beene at a great feast of Languages, | and stolne the scraps. 40

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. [To Hol.] Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added. 50

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

26-7. *call abhominable*: call abhominable—1Q.

27. *infamie*: *insanie*—THEOBALD. *ne*: *anne*—GLOBE.

30. *Bome boon for boon prescian*: *Bon, bon, fort bon!* Priscian—CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

36. *Quari*: *Quare*—HANMER.

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke venewe¹ of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit. ¹*sally* 60

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne. 69

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house² on the top of the Mountaine? ²*school-house* 80

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-

54. *The last*: The third—THEOBALD. 65. *disputes*: disputest—2-4F.

68. *unum cita*: circum circa—THEOBALD.

78. *singled*: singuled—1Q.

fection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure. 91

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance. 112

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee

96. *importunate*: important—IQ.

114. *Holofernes* out—Rowe.

rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them? 121

Peda. *Josua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose. 131

Pag. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend. 140

Brag. We will have, if this fadge¹ not, an Antique. I beseech you follow. 1 suit

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

116. *the Kings:* at the king's-2-4F.

146. *Alone: Allons!*-Rowe.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.¹

¹ *country dance*

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I
have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name. 10

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and
so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer-
rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word? 20

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

147-8. 2 rhymed ll.—DYCE.

9. *Writ on:* *Writ o' (a')—1Q.*

16-8. *of such .. long:* 3 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

17. *might a:* *might ha'—1Q.*

4. new l. at Look—POPE.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played. 30
But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter. 40

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. [*Kath.*] A Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all
Shrowes: |

[*Prin.*] But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*? 50

Kat. Madame, this Glove.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

29. care ... cure: cure ... care—IQ. 34. And if: An if—CAPELL.

45. pensals: pencils—ROWE. How: ho—HANMER.

47. were full: were not so full—IQ. 49-50. I l.—MALONE.

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short. 60

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service wholly to my device,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests. 70
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fatc.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As gravities revolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote: 80
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

59. *thou wish: thou not wish*—2-4F.

69. *device: hests*—DYCE.

72. *fatc: fate*—IQ.

78. *wantons be: wantonness*—2-4F.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd. 90

Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.

Boy. Under the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 100
And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously. 110
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not evill:
I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
 One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell: 120
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter so profound,
 That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
 To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
 And every one his Love-feat will advance,
 Unto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know 130
 By favours severall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
 For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace
 Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
 Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt weare,
 And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
 And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves 140
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:

128. *parlee*: *parle*—CAPPELL.

140. *your Favours*: *you favours*—12.

They doe it but in mocking merriment,
 And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
 Their severall counsels they unbosome shall,
 To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
 Upon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Visages displayd to talke and greete. 150

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne. 160
 So shall we stay mocking entended game,
 And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
 come. [The ladies mask.]

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy [Moth] with
 a speech, | and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. [Boyet] Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever
 turn'd | their backes to mortall viewes. 170

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. [Aside to Moth] Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy. True, out indeed.

Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde.

Ber. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes. 180

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.
[*Exit Moth.*]

Rosa. What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet.*

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes? 190

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you have it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measur'd manie, 201
The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

185-6. 1 l.—POPE.

197. *you on the: her on this*—1Q.

190. *Princes: princess*—4F.

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile? 210

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed arē clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooved) upon our waterie eyne.¹ ¹ eyes

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter, 220
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e-
stranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man. 230

Rosa. [*King*] The musick playes, vouchsafe some
motion to | it: [*Rosa.*] Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

222. vouchsafe but: do but vouchsafe—IQ.

232. new l. at Our—THEOBALD.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.

Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price. 240

Kin. Prise your selves: What buyes your companie?

Rosa. Your absence onelie.

Kin. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that. 248

[*They converse apart.*]

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg,¹
Ile play no more with you. ¹cheat

Ber. One word in secret.

Qu. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greev'st my gall.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete. [*They converse apart.*] 260

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Faire Ladie.

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.

236. you: we-1Q.

241. your selves: you yourselves-1Q.

253-5. 2 rhymed ll.-2Rowe.

265. you out-1Q.

Du. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Mar. [*Kath.*] What, was your vizard made without
a tong? |

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar. [*Kath.*] O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe. 272

Mar. [*Kath.*] Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not
Veale a | Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. [*Kath.*] No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. [*Kath.*] No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes. 281

Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. [*Kath.*] Then die a Calfe before your horns
do grow. |

Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. [*Kath.*] Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares
you cry. | [*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, invisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Above the sense of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings, 290
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off.

Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puffed out.

300

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.

310

Ka. Lord *Longavill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?

Qu. Qualme perhaps.

Kat. Yes in good faith.

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits have worne plain statute caps,
But wil you heare; the King is my love sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longavill* was for my service borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

320

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee understood. 331

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Avant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they retorne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let us complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse geare: 340
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest [in their proper habits].

King. Faire sir, God save you. Wher's the Princesse?

Boy. Gone to her Tent. 350

Please it your Majestie command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*

Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Jove* doth please.

350-1. *Gone .. Majestie:* 1 l.—CAPELL.

351. *to her:* to her thither—1Q.

354. *pickes:* pecks—1Q.

355. *Jove:* God—1Q.

He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
 At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
 And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve. 360
 Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
 He can carve too, and lispe: Why this is he,
 That kist away his hand in courtesie.
 This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plaies at Tables,¹ chides the Dice
 In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing ¹ *backgammon*
 A meane ² most meanly, and in Ushering ² *tenor part*
 Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
 The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
 This is the flower that smiles on everie one, 370
 To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
 And consciences that wil not die in debt,
 Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
 That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies [ushered by Boyet].

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
 Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive. 380
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

62. *He can*: A' can—IQ.

63. *away his hand*: his hand away—IQ.

73. *dutie*: due—IQ.

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth. 390

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you have liv'd in desolation heere,
Unseene, unvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game, 400
A messe of Russians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie gives undeserving praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord) 410
They did not blesse us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine have drinke.

Ber. This jest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete

390. *men:* men's-1Q.

392. *unsallied:* unsullied-2-4F.

409. *Russia:* Russian-1Q.2-4F.

414. *Gentle:* Fair gentle-2-4F.

415. *wits:* wit-2-4F.

With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie. 421

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot give you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face. 431

Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke us now downeright.

Du. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnes
sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why
looke | you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscovie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out? 441

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee never more to dance,

427. *what it: was it*-1Q.

432-3. 1 l.-1Q.

428-9. 1 l.-1Q.

437. *sound: swoon* (swoound)-2-4F.

Nor never more in Russian habit waite.
 O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
 Nor never come in vizard to my friend, 450
 Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
 Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
 Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
 Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)
 Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
 And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law, 460
 My love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke
 Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
 Ile leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,
 Write *Lord have mercie on us*, on those three,
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These Lords are visited, you are not free:
 For the Lords tokens on you do I see. 470

Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.

453. *affection*: *affectation*—Rowe.

460. *law*: *la!*—Capell.

King. Teach us sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession. 480

Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honor no. 490

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Lover.

Qu. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord 500
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,
I never swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,

And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare. 510
 What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,¹ ¹ *conspiracy*
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas Comedie. ² *clown*

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,²
 Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
 That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
 To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd, 520
 The Ladies did change Favours; and then we
 Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.

Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,
 We are againe forsworne in will and error.
 Much upon this tis: and might not you [*To Boyet*]
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?³ ³ *rule*
 And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
 And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrilie? 530
 You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
 Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
 You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie
 Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this car-
 reere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno, 540

525. *tis*: it is—2-4F.

533-7. 4 rhymed ll.—2ROWE

535. *manager*: manage—THEOBALD.

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,

For everie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction sir, wee know where-untill it doth amount. 551

Ber. By Jove, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir will shew where-untill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies? 560

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame us:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie. 571

546-8. 2 rhymed ll. ending *we know*—CAPELL.

561. *Pompey*: *Pompion*—2 ROWE.

567-8. 1 l.—1 Q.

569-71. 2 ll. ending *policy*, *company*—1 Q.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

580

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [*Con-*
verses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Qu. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they
say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall cupplement. [*Exit.*] 590

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*: And if these foure Wor-
thies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change
habites, and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy, 600

589. *delaguar*: de la guerra—THEOBALD.

594-6. *And if, etc.*: 2 rhymed ll.—2 ROWE.

Abate¹ throw at Novum,² and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is under saile, and here she coms amain.

¹except ²a rare throw

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Ber. [*Boyet*] You lie, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards³ head on knee. ³ *Leopard's*

Ber. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee. 610

Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.*

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:

And travailing along this coast, I beere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of
France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey.* 620

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* prooves the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the worldes*
Com- | mander:

By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering
might |

602. pricke .. in's: pick .. in his-IQ.

628. conquering: conquering-IQ.

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not: 630

For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:

Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. *When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Com- | mander.*

Boiet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander*.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your servant and *Costard*. 640

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

Clo. O sir, you have overthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.* 652

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:

630-1. 1 l.-1Q.

649. *insooth*: *faith*-1Q.

634-5. 1 l.-1Q.

656. *Canus*: *canis*-Rowe.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,

Ergo, I come with this Apologie.

660

Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.

Judas I am, ycliped *Machabeus*.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?

Ped. *Judas* I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.

Ped. What meane you sir?

670

Boi. To make *Judas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

Boi. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

681

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

690

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:

And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Jude*: give it him. *Jud-as a-way.*

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes darke, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*]

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

700

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in *Armes*.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.¹

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*. ^{1 shapely}

Dum. More Calfe certaine. 710

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;* 721

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.

709. *Hector*: *Hector's*—IQ.

720. *The Armipotent*: *Peace! The, etc.*—CAPELL.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reine: for it runnes against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound. 730

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
[When he breathed he was a man:]
But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princess*]
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.*

The partie is gone. 741

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith unlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die. 749

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:
Pompey the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees more Atees stirre
them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him. 760

Ber. I, if a' have no more mans blood in's belly, then
will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*. 769

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the
challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt,
i go woolward for penance. 780

Boy. True, and it was injoynd him in *Rome* for want
of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but
a dishclout of *Jaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his
heart for a favour.

759. *them*, or: *them on*—Rowe.

783. *hee weares*: *a' wears*—IQ.

765. *pray*: *bepray*—IQ

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father 790

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Majestie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay. 800

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeavours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne our selves,
In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heavie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks, 810
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides

787-90. *but that, etc.*: 3 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*, *Capell*.

809. *bumble*: *nimble*—*Theobald*. 810. *so short*: too short—*IQ*

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
 And though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smiling curtesie of Love:
 The holy suite which faine it would convince,
 Yet since loves argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 820
 From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
 As to joyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieve
 And by these badges understand the King,
 For your faire sakes have we neglected time,
 Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
 Even to the opposed end of our intents. 830
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous:
 As Love is full of unbefitting straines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
 Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
 Varying in subjects as the eie doth roule,
 To everie varied object in his glance:
 Which partie-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if in your heavenly eies,
 Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities. 840
 Those heavenlie eies that looke into these faults,
 Suggested¹ us to make: therefore Ladies ¹tempted
 Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
 Is likewise yonrs. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true

825. ears: ear-IQ.

835. straying: strange-CAPELL.

844. yonrs: yours-IQ.

To those that make us both, faire Ladies you.
 And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
 Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love.
 Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love. 850
 And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie,
 As bumbast and as lining to the time:
 But more devout then these are our respects
 Have we not bene, and therefore met your loves
 In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre, 860
 Grant us your loves.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
 No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
 If for my Love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
 Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
 To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world: 870
 There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes
 Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life,
 Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds¹
 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Love, ¹ *clothing*

854. *then these are: than this in*—HANMER.

859. *coat: quote*—CAPELL.

872. *their: the*—IQ.

But that it beare this triall, and last love:
 Then at the expiration of the yeare,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine, 880
 I will be thine: and till that instant shut
 My wofull selfe up in a mourning house,
 Raining the teares of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
 If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
 Neither intituled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sodaine hand of death close up mine eie.
 Hence ever then, my heart is in thy brest. 890

Ber. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
 You are attaint with faults and perjurie:
 Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
 With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife? 900

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
 Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
 Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
 Then if I have much love, Ile give you some.

Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelvemonths end,

Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong. 911

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute, 920
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelvemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible. 931
Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles:
A jests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then, 940

915. *my love: thy love*—1Q.

And I will have you, and that fault withall.
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
 Right joyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
 Ile jest a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. [*To the King*] I sweet my Lord, and so I take
 my leave. |

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
 Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie 950
 Might wel have made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy. 958

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leave.
 I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to holde the
 Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteem-
 ed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
 Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and
 the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our
 shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter. 969
 This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,

969-72. prose—MALONE.

Th'other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on everie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

980

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on everie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

990

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle

975. shifted after 976—THEOBALD.

994. *Sphepheard*: shepherd (Sheepheard)—IQ.

Then nightly sings the staring Owle
 Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note, ¹ *stir* or *skim*
 While greasie Jone doth keele¹ the pot. 1001

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
 And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,
 While greasie Jone doth keele the pot. 1010

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
 Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
 You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

999, 1008. *to-who*: prefixed next l.—CAPELL.
 1011-13. prose—MALONE.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

First printed in two Quartos, 1600

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Second Quarto,
with additional stage directions and a few changes



INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME’ is aptly described by its title, for it is a play of fanciful texture — airy, musical, joyous. Fairies divide the stage with bewildered men and women, and exercise a kindly, though sometimes misdirected, influence over them.

The first act opens at Athens, showing preparations for the nuptials of Duke Theseus with Hippolyta, queen of the conquered Amazons. Hermia, an Athenian maiden, has two suitors at this time, about the choice of whom she and her father differ. The case is referred to the duke for decision, and he commands Hermia to obey her father. Rather than do so, she plans to flee with her accepted lover to a forest near by.

Act II opens in this wood, which is the realm of the fairy king and queen, Oberon and Titania, who just now are quarreling. In the midst of their dispute, Hermia and her lover arrive, as well as her other suitor and Helena, whom he has deserted. By means of an enchanted love-juice, Oberon, seeking to gain his point with Titania, works havoc with the diverse loves of these four mortals.

In Act III some humorous elements are introduced in the persons of a group of Athenian tradesmen, who

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

have assembled in the forest to rehearse a play in honor of the duke and his bride. Puck, a fairy sprite, plays pranks upon them, finally crowning Bottom, the weaver, with an ass's head, and leading him to Titania for her liege lord, she being also under the spell of the love-juice.

Act IV brings a happy clearing up of tangled webs, and a reconciliation between the four lovers and the duke's party.

Act V celebrates a triple wedding at the ducal palace, where the artisans present the burlesque play, and ends with a fairy dance and blessing.

SOURCES

The plot of this play, so far as is known, originated with Shakespeare, though critics are of opinion that he is indebted to Chaucer's 'Knights Tale' for several elements, notably the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta. The story of the crossed lovers differs from the story of the two friends Palamon and Arcite and their love for Emily in the 'Tale,' yet bears resemblances to it at more than one point. The gods of Olympus, who have so active a hand in the destiny of Chaucer's lovers, are here represented by the fairy sprites. The anachronism of May-day observances in Athens at the time of Theseus may also be laid at Chaucer's door.

The fairies in their dealings with mortals are a product of the poet's fancy, but their names and general traits belong to popular literature and tradition. Oberon is found in Greene's 'James IV,' and still earlier in a Charlemagne romance, 'Huon of Bordeaux.' He is probably identical with Alberich, the dwarf of

INTRODUCTION

the 'Nibelungenlied.' Titania is taken from Ovid, who bestows the title on Diana to indicate her descent from the Titans. Her popular name was 'Queen Mab.' The exact prototype of Puck is not to be found, but his general characteristics are well known to popular tradition. He is the counterpart of Robin Goodfellow, found in several writers. *Puck* or *pouki* was an old word for devil, softened in Cornish to *pixey*. Oberon's vision is believed to contain a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, under the veil of allegory.

Chaucer's influence may perhaps be seen again in the suggestion for the play of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' in his 'Merchant's Tale.' However this may be, the comic interlude itself sufficiently recalls the story related by Chaucer in 'The Legend of Good Women,' or the version in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' to show the poet's indebtedness.

As to the tradesmen actors, it was customary at that time for the 'rude mechanical' to try his hand at acting — and probably with as dire results.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Theseus states in the opening scene that four days are to pass before the marriage; but it will be seen that the action occupies only three. Upon the night following the opening of the play, Hermia and Lysander flee from Athens, and on the same night the clowns hold their forest rehearsal and the fairies play their pranks. The next morning Theseus discovers the lovers, and the same evening witnesses the joint nuptials. The eventful night in the forest occupies the greater part of the play — Acts II, III, and IV, scene i.

The time of the action is as legendary as the plot.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The mention of this play by Meres in 'Palladis Tamia,' in 1598, makes it certain that the play was then known to the public. A piece of internal evidence not so certain is the name of Theseus, which may have been inspired by the 'Life of Theseus,' re-issued in North's Plutarch in 1595. But an earlier edition of this book was published, and this date of 1595 affords no definite base.

Perhaps the most valuable internal evidence is given by the lines in Act V, scene i, 59-60: 'The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceast in beggerie.' The opening phrase has been taken by Warton, in 1773, to allude to Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses,' published in 1591. And the entire allusion was believed by Knight, in 1840, to refer to Robert Greene, a contemporary writer who died in poverty in 1592.

A further indication of the date may be given by Titania's description of the weather (Act II, scene i, ll. 86-120), if it applied to the actual state of the weather in England at the time when the play was performed. This year of bad weather is believed by several authorities to be 1594.

The supposition that the play was written to be performed at the marriage of a friend has proved un-conclusive, since the two noblemen, Southampton and Essex, for whom it might have been intended, were not married until 1598 and 1590, respectively — dates when the play was already known.

Nor do the literary qualities of the play lead to any definite evidence of the date. Rhymed lines and blank verse cannot be balanced against each other, since the

INTRODUCTION

play is intentionally lyrical. Yet the comparatively regular structure of the lines, the relatively undeveloped dramatic portrayal of character as judged by the poet's later work, and the general similarity in tone to the group of early comedies — 'Loves Labour's Lost,' 'Comedie of Errors,' and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' — all tend to place this play with them in point of time.

The summing up of this evidence, unconvulsive as it may be, piecemeal, assigns the play to a position somewhere between 1590 and 1597, 1595 being the date generally preferred.

EARLY EDITIONS

'A Midsommer Nights Dreame' was first published in 1600 in two different Quarto editions, at sixpence each. The First Quarto title-page ran as follows:

'A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. ¶ Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600.'

The Second Quarto bore the same title and division of lines, but instead of Fisher's name appears 'Printed by James Roberts, 1600.'

Which is the earlier there is no means of being sure. Roberts's Quarto was unregistered. Fisher's appears in the 'Stationers' Register,' 1600, '8 Octobris. Thomas ffysshier. Entred for his copie under the handes of master Bodes and the Wardens a booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame . . . vjd.'

In the First Folio of 1623 the play appears amid the comedies, from page 145 to page 162. It is divided

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

into acts, but omits the scenes and *Dramatis Personæ*. The First Folio gives ninety-seven stage directions, not counting the division into acts, whereas the Second Quarto gives seventy-four stage directions and the First Quarto but fifty-six. Both Quartos omit the acts. Such evidences as these and that of V. i. 134 (where the name of one of the players appears in the direction) bring the Folio closer than the Quartos to Shakespeare's stage.

The Second Quarto corrects some of the errors of the First Quarto, is superior in stage directions, and is better printed; but otherwise the text and punctuation are not so good.

The First Folio was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto which had been used as a prompter's stage copy. It shows some errors and a few slight variations from its original.

A
MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, }
DEMETRIUS, }*in love with Hermia.*

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *a carpenter.*

SNUG, *a joiner.*

BOTTOM, *a weaver.*

FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *a tinker.*

STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to
Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, }
MOTH, }*fairies.*
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants
on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*]

A
MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philostrate,] with others.

Theseus.

NOW faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revennew. 9

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep themselves in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,

10. *nights*: night—1Q.

13. *now bent*: new-bent—Rowe.

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pompe,

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, 20

And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius. 30

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:

Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining love,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie, 40

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers

30. *Stand forth Demetrius*: in text, next line—Rowe.

33. *Stand forth Lysander*: in text, next line—Rowe.

39. *faining* .. *faining*: *feigning* .. *feigning*—Rowe.

Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her; 50
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be advis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman. 60

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts: 70
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
 You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,
 For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, 80
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
 But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
 Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
 Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
 Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
 Unto his Lordship, whose unwished yoake, 90
 My soule consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship:
 Upon that day either prepare to dye,
 For disobedience to your fathers will,
 Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
 Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest
 For aie, austerity, and single life. 99

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
 Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius*:
 Let me have *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love;
 Aud what is mine, my love shall render him.
 And she is mine, and all my right of her,
 I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possest: my love is more then his:

My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd 110
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:

And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile avouch it to his head,

Made love to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,

And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Upon this spotted¹ and inconstant man. ^{1 polluted}

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof: 121

But being over-full of selfe-affaires,

My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,

And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.

For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,

To fit your fancies to your Fathers wil;

Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you up

(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life. 130

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:

I must imploy you in some businesse

Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*

*Manet*² *Lysander* and *Hermia*. ^{2 remains}

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the Roses there do fade so fast? 139

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well

Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that ever I could reade,
 Could ever heare by tale or historie,
 The course of true love never did run smooth,
 But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choose love by anothers eie. 150

Lys. Or if there were a simpathe in choise,
 Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentarie, as a sound:
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
 Briefe as the lightning in the collied¹ night, ¹ *black*
 That (in a spleene²) unfolds both heaven and earth;
 And ere a man hath power to say, behold, ² *passion*
 The jawes of darknesse do devoure it up:
 So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost, 160
 It stands as an edict in destinie:

Then let us teach our triall patience,

Because it is a customarie crosse,

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
 Wishes and teares; poore Fancies³ followers. ³ *love's*

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
 I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
 Of great revennew, and she hath no childe,
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues, 169
 And she respects⁴ me, as her onely sonne: ⁴ *regards*
 There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,

142. begins *Ay me!* (Eigh me)—QQ.

142. *ever I could*: I could ever—QQ. 146. *love*: low—THEOBALD.

149. *merit*: friends—QQ.

150. *eie*: eyes—QQ.

153. *momentarie*: momentany—QQ. 169. *remov'd*: remote—QQ.

And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
 Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
 And in the wood, a league without the towne,
 (Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
 To do observance for a morne of May)
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
 I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow, 180
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
 By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
 When the false Trojan under saile was scene,
 By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
 (In number more then ever women spoke)
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To morrow truly will I meete with thee. 189

Lys. Keepe promise love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happie faire! ¹ *pole-stars*
 Your eyes are loadstarres,¹ and your tongues sweet ayre
 More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
 When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
 Sicknesse is catching: O were favor² so, ² *features*
 Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye, 200
 My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,

177. *for:* to—Qq. 183. *love:* loves—IQ. 194. *you:* your—Qq.
 199. *Your words:* Yours would—HANMER.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,¹
 The rest Ile give to be to you translated. ^{1excepted}
 O teach me how you looke, and with what art
 you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
 such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love. 209

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell. 220

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will unfold,
 To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold
 Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,
 Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
 (A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)
 Through *Athens* gates, have we devis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
 Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
 Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
 There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete, 230
 And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
 To seeke new friends and strange companions,

203. *Ile*: I'd—POPE. 213. *none*: no fault—IQ. 218. *like*: as—IQ.
 220. *into*: unto a—IQ. 229. *sweld*: sweet—THEOBALD.

232. *strange companions*: stranger companies—THEOBALD.

Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
 And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
 Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
 From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu, 238
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
 Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
 He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
 Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
 Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste: 250
 Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
 And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
 Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
 As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,¹ 1 eyes
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
 And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight: 260
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
 Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
 If I have thanks, it is a deere expence:

239. *dotes*: *dote*—QQ.

253. *often*: *so oft*—IQ.

243. *doth*: *do*—QQ.

262. *bis*: *this*—QQ.

But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same. Quince's house.*]

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and | Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night. 10

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weaver. 20

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love. 27

6. according: according—Qq. 2-4F.

12-3. grow on to: grow to—Qq.

26. gallantly: gallant—Qq.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moove stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*. 40

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare. 51

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

33-5. 8 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON. 41. *You must: Flute, you must*—1Q.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*. 60

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Joyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe. 71

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers sonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale. 81

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine

62. *there:* here—QQ.

72. *If you:* An you—CAPELL.

64-5. *if be:* if it be—QQ. 2-4F.

80. *roare and:* roar you an—QQ.

beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow. 92

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our devises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu. 104

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A wood near Athens.*]

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow [Puck] at another.

Rob. [*Puck*] How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, over dale, through bush, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everie where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the
green. |

The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,

10

91. *colour'd:* colour—Q2.

98. *we will:* will we—1Q.

103. *more:* most—1Q.

5-6. *through ... through:* thorough ... thorough—1Q.

5-8. 8 rhymed ll.—POPE.

Those be Rubies, Fairie favors,
 In those freckles, live their favors,
 I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
 And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.
 Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
 Our Queene and all her Elves come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
 Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
 For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath 20
 A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
 She never had so sweet a changeling,
 And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
 Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
 But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy,
 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
 By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
 But they do square,¹ that all their Elves for feare 29
 Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there. ¹*quarrel*

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit
 Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
 That frights the maidens of the Villagree, ²*band-mill*
 Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,²
 And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,³
 Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, ³*froth*
 You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. 40
 Are not you he?

32. *spirit*: *sprite*—1Q.33. *Are you not*: *Are not you*—1Q.34. *Villagree*: *villagery*(*ee*)—1Q.

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
 I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
 And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
 In very likenesse of a roasted crab:¹ ¹ *crab-apple*
 And when she drinke, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. 50
 The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
 And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe. ² *company*
 And then the whole quire² hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze,³ and sweare,
 A merrier houre was never wasted there. ³ *sneeze*
 But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fair. And heere my Mistris:
 Would that he were gone. 60

*Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one doore with
 his traine, | and the Queene [Titania] at another
 with hers. |*

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
 Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. [*Tita.*] What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
 I have forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
 When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
 And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day, 70

46. *silly*: *filly*—1Q. 59-60. 1 l.—2Q.

65. *Fairy*: *Fairies*—THEOBALD.

63-4. 1 l.—2Q.
 69. *wast*: *hast*—2Q.

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing love
 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
 Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
 But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
 Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love,
 To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
 To give their bed joy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,
 Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
 Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*? 80
 Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
 From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished?
 And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
 With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of jealousie,
 And never since the middle Summers spring¹ ¹*beginning*
 Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
 By paved fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, 90
 But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
 Hath everie petty River made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their Continents.
 The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 100
 And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

73. *steepe*: *steppe*—1Q.83. *Eagles*: *Ægle*—Rowe.84. *Atiopa*: *Antiopa*—QQ. 2-4F.95. *Hath*: *Have*—2Rowe. *petty*: *pelting*—QQ.

The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
 And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
 For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
 The humane mortals want their winter heere,
 No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
 Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
 And through this distemperature, we see 110
 The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
 Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evils,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissention, 120
 We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
 Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
 The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
 His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
 And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
 Full often hath she gossipt by my side, 130
 And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,

110. *through*: thorough-1Q.2-3F.

111. *hoared headed*: hoary-headed-1Q.2-3F.

113. *cbinne*: thin-HALLIWELL. 119-20. 2 five-accent ll.-2-3F.

When we have laught to see the sailes conceive,
 And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
 Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
 And for her sake I doe reare up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

140

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
 If you will patiently dance in our Round,
 And see our Moone-light revels, goe with us;
 If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
 We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury.

152

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember.

160

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,

141. *I doe: do I-IQ.*

161. *say: saw-IQ.*

But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free. 170
 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell upon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loves wound,
 And maidens call it, Love in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
 The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league. 180

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
 [Exit.]

Ober. Having once this juyce,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking lookes upon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
 Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight, 190
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)
 Ile make her render up her Page to me.
 But who comes heere? I am invisible,
 And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?

181. *girdle about*: girdle round about-1Q.

181-3. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

186. *when*: then-1Q.

190. *off from*: from off-1Q.

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.

Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood¹ within this wood, ¹ *mad*
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*. 201

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*, 211
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Use me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be used as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee. 220

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that

198. *stay .. stayeth*: *slay .. slayeth*—THEOBALD.

199. *into*: *unto*—QQ. 200. *wood within*: *wode within*—HANMER.

210. *thee*: *you*—IQ.

218. *doe*: *use*—QQ.

It is not night when I doe see your face.
 Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, 230
 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
 For you in my respect are nll the world.
 Then how can it be said I am alone,
 When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
 Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
 The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde 240
 Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
 When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
 Or if thou follow me, doe not beleewe,
 But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
 You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
 Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
 We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.

[*Exit Dem.*]

I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, 251
 To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
 Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy love.
 Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

232. nll: all—Qq. 2-4F. 246. and: the—1Q. 251. I: I'll—Qq.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
 Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes, 260
 Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
 There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
 Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
 And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
 Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
 And with the juyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
 And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
 A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love 270
 With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
 But doe it when the next thing he espies,
 May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, then she upon her love;
 And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so.

Exit. |

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell,¹ and a Fairy song;
 Then for the third part of a minute hence, ¹ *dance*
 Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds, ² *bats*
 Some warre with Reremise,² for their leathern wings,
 To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe
 The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

10

20

I. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell. Shee sleeps.
[Exeunt Fairies.]

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Love take: 30
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce,¹ or Catte, or Beare, *¹ wild cat*
Pard,² or Boare with bristled haire, *² leopard*
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere. *[Exit.]*

18. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandring in the woods,
 And to speake troth I have forgot our way:
 Wee'll rest us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good, 40
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
 For I upon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
 Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
 Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
 I meane that my heart unto yours is knit, 50
 So that but one heart can you make of it.
 Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
 So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
 Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
 For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
 Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
 If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
 But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
 Lie further off, in humane modesty, 60
 Such separation, as may well be said,
 Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
 So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
 Thy love nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,

38. *woods*: wood-1Q.

51. *can you*: we can-QQ.

52. *interchanged*: interchained-QQ.

60. *humane*: human-4F.

And then end life, when I end loyalty:
 Heere is my bed, sleepe give thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone, 70
 But *Athenian* finde I none,
 One whose eyes I might approve
 This flowers force in stirring love.
 Night and silence: who is heere?
 Weedes¹ of *Athens* he doth weare: garments
 This is he (my master said)
 Despised the *Athenian* maide:
 And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
 On the danke and durty ground.
 Pretty soule, she durst not lye 80
 Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtisie.
 Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charme doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
 So awake when I am gone:
 For I must now to *Oberon*. Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so. 91

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,

71. *fnde*: found—IQ.

72. *One*: On—QQ. 2-4F.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoere she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare; 100
 For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
 Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
 Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
 But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
 Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy
 sweet sake. |

Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art, 110
 That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
 Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
 What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love;
 Who will not change a Raven for a Dove? 120
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
 And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
 Things growing are not ripe untill their season;
 So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
 And touching now the point of humane skill,

110. *nature ber shewes*: nature shows—QQ.

119. *Helena now I*: *Helena* I—IQ.

Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne? 130
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.* 140

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.* 150

Her. [*Awaking*] Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do
thy best |

To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.

Lysander, what remoov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
 What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
 Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
 Speake of all loves; I sound almost with feare. 160
 No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
 Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*]

Enter the Clownes [*Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling*].

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tiring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter quince?*

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*? 9

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answere you that?

Snout. Berlaken,¹ a parlous² feare. ¹ *by our ladykin*

Star. I beleeeve we must leave the killing out, when all is done. ² *perilous*

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,

160. sound: swoon (swoune)—IQ.

14. Berlaken: By'r lakin—CAPELL.

tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the | Weaver; this will put them out of feare. 22

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves, to | bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most | dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde | foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke | to it. 33

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the joyner. 45

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play? 51

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 58

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper. 71

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? 80
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

54. *Enter Pucke*: out—Qq.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here. 90

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe. 99

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit. 109

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
bryer, |

Sometime a horse Ile be, fometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee? 120

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your owne, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.* ¹ transformed

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid. [*Sings.*] 130

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. [*Awaking*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed? |

Bot. [*Sings*] The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answeare, nay. 139
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
never so?

116. *Enter Piramus, etc.*: shifted to after l. 105—CAPELL.

131. *Woosell*: *ousel*—POPE.

134. *Wren and*: *wren with*—QQ.

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee.
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should have little
 reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
 love keepe little company together, now-adayes.
 The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
 not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke¹ upon occa-
 sion.

¹ *talk ironically* 153

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
 out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne
 turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate: 160
 The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me,
 Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blosseme, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
 seede, and foure Fairies.* 169

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,

145. shifted to after l. 147-1Q.

170. 5 ll. 1 *Fai.* Ready. 2 *Fai.* And I. 3 *Fai.* And I. 4 *Fai.*
 And I. All. Where, etc.—CAPELL.

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
 Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
 The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
 And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
 To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies. 180
 Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
 your worships name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
 Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold
 with you. 190

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. *Pease blossome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*,
 your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good
 master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquain-
 tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. *Mustard-seede.*

Peas. *Pease-blossome.* 198

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your pati-
 ence well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe
 hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-

182-4. 4 ll. *Peas.* Hail mortal! *Cob.* Hail! *Moth.* Hail! *Mus.*
 Hail!—CAPELL. (*Peas.* *Cob.* *Moth.* *Mus.*—DYCE.)

195. *of you more: you of more—QQ.*

198. *Pease-blossome out—QQ. 2-4F.*

mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede*.

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie, And when she weepes, weepe everie little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastitie. Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit*.

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule¹ now about this gaunted grove? ¹*revelry*

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love, Neere to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hower, 10 A crew of patches,² rude Mcehanicals, ²*clowns* That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals, Were met together to rehearse a Play, Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day: The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,³ ³*crew* Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport, Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take,

203. *you: your*—3-4F.

207. *weepe: weeps*—1Q.

209. *lovers: love's*—POPE.

7. *gaunted: haunted*—QQ. 2-4F.

11. *Mcehanicals: mechanicals*—QQ. 2-4F.

An Asses nole¹ I fixed on his head. 1 head
 Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered, 20
 And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
 As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
 Or russed-pated choughes, many in sort
 (Rising and cawing at the guns report)
 Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:
 So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
 And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
 He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
 Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong. 30
 For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
 I led them on in this distracted feare,
 And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lov'd an Asse.
Ob. This fals out better then I could devise:
 But hast thou yet lacht² the *Athenians* eyes, ^{2dripped in}
 With the love juyce, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to) 40
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
 For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,

23. *ruessed-pated*: russet-pated—1Q.4F.

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe, 50
 Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
 me too:

The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
 From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeeve as soone
 This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
 May through the Center creepe, and so displease
 Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
 It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
 So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim. 60

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
 Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
 Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
 As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
 Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
 Henceforth be never numbred among men. 70

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
 Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
 Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
 An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
 Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri'sd¹ mood,
 I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood: ¹ *mistaken*
 Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

51-2. new l. at And kill—Rowe. 60. mutrherer: murderer—2Q.

61. murderer: murder'd—QQ.

63. looks: look—QQ.

67. I'de: I had—IQ.

71. tell true: repeated—IQ.

72. a lookt: have look'd—QQ.

79. ought: aught—THEOBALD.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well. 80

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heavinesse doth heavier grow:

For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe* 90
[*and sleep*].

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true loves sight:

Of thy misprision,¹ must perforce ensue ¹ *mistake*

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helen* of *Athens* looke thou finde.

All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,² ² *countenance*

With sighes of love, that costs the fresh bloud deare.

By some illusion see thou bring her heere, 101

Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple die,

Hit with *Cupids* archery,

Sinke in apple of his eye,

When his love he doth espie,

Let her shine as gloriously

81. *And if: An' if*—CAPELL.

83-4. *part I: part I* so; new l. at See—POPE.

88. *bankrout slip: bankrupt sleep*—ROWE 102. *dotb: do*—Qq.

As the *Venus* of the sky. 110
 When thou wak'st if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
 And the youth, mistooke by me,
 Pleading for a Lovers fee.
 Shall we their fond Pageant see?
 Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make, 120
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
 That must needs be sport alone:
 And those things doe best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in
 scorn? |
 Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
 Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
 In their nativity all truth appeares. 130
 How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
 When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray!
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
 Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore. 139

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*

Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what my, love, shall I compare thine eyne!

Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,

Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,

When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse

This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent 150
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civill, and knew curtesie,

You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,

But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to?

If you are men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*; 160

And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,

With your derision; none of noble sort,

Would so offend a Virgin, and extort

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysa. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,

For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;

And here with all good will, with all my heart,

In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part; 170

And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare. 181
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
Ir paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? 190

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse
to go? |

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faile *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,

172. to: till-1Q. 177. it is: is it-1Q. 179. It is: Helen, it is-1Q.
181. abide: aby-1Q. 187. Ir: It-QQ. 2-4F.

Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three, 200
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia, most ungratefull maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To baite me, with this foule derision?
 Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
 When wee have chid the hasty footed time,
 For parting us; O, is all forgot?
 All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
 We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods, 210
 Have with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
 Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life coats in Heraldry, 220
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone doe feele the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eies and face? 230
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*

208. *is*: is it—GLOBE.217. *a union*: an union—Qq. 4F.220. *life*: like—THEOBALD.

(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
 To call me goddesse, nimph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Denie your love (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate? 240
 (But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, persever, counterfeitsad lookes,
 Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up:
 This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument:
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault, 250
 Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
 My love, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
 Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I doe;
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee, 260
 To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go. 269

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this sweete Love?

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word. 280

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more. 290

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.

267. *no, Sir, seeme*: no; he'll ... Seem (new l. at Seem)—1Q

272-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

275. *O bated*: hated—POPE. *poison*: potion—1Q.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare 300
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake, 310
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:¹ ¹ *shrewish*
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe. 320

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
 And follow you no further. Let me go. 330
 You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
 She was a vixen when she went to schoole, 340
 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
 You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe that scornes your services.
 Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*, 350
 Take not her part. For if thou dost intend¹ 1 *pretend*
 Never so little shew of love to her,
 Thou shalt abide² it. 2 *pay for*

Lys. Now she holds me not,
 Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
 Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
 jowle. *Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle³ is long of you.
 Nay, goe not backe. 3 *tangle* 360

Hel. I will not trust you I,

Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
 Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
 My legs are longer though to runne away. [Exit.]

[Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
 Exit.]

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
 Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
 Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on? 370
 And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
 That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
 And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,¹ 1 chance
 As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
 Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
 The starrie Welkin cover thou anon,
 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
 And lead these testie Rivals so astray,
 As one come not within anothers way. 380
 Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
 And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
 With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
 Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
 Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eie-bals role with wonted sight. 390

364-5. bracketed l. in Qq.

370. bath: had-1Q.

367. willingly: wilfully-Qq.

When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
 And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
 Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
 And then I will her charmed eie release
 From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast, 400
 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
 At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
 Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in crosse-waies and flouds have buriall,
 Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
 For feare least day should looke their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves dxile from light,
 And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I, with the mornings love have oft made sport, 410
 And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
 Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
 Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
 But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Up and downe, up and downe, I will leade
 them up and downe: I am sear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them up and downe: here comes one.

395. *imply*: e(i)m^ploy-1Q.

400. *night-swift*: night's swift-1Q.

407. *dxile*: exile-QQ.2-4F.

417-9. 4 rhymed ll. and 1 short l. at Here-POP.

418. *sear'd*: fear'd-QQ.2-4F.

Enter Lysander.

420

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou? |

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars, 431
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.

Exit. |

[*Re-enter Lysander.*]

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke uneven way, 441
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight. [*Sleeps.*]

421-2. 1 l.-Q2.

425. new l. at To.—THEOBALD.

438. *be's*: *he is*—1Q.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou? 450

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East, 460
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad. 470

Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,

450. *art thou:* art thou now—1Q.

463. *sometime:* sometimes—QQ. 3 4F.

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
 I can no further crawle, no further goe;
 My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
 Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
 Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
 True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye, 480
 And the Country Proverb knowne,
 That every man should take his owne,
 In your waking shall be showne.
Jacke shall have *Fill*, nought shall goe ill,
 The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee
 well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.*]

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne [Bottom], and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
 While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,¹ ^{1 stroke}
 And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. [*Bot.*] Where's *Pease blossome*?

477-80. 10 rhymed ll.—WARBURTON.

478. *apply your:* apply To your—ROWE.

484. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's
Moun- | sieuer *Cobweb*. 11

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have von overflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseed*? 20

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe,¹ Mounsieur *Mustardseed*. Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounsieur. 1st

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalery *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must | scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet love. 31

Clow. I have a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let us have the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy, 40

13. get your: get you your-1Q.

32-3. Let us: Let's-1Q.

40-2.

18. von: you-QQ. 2-4F.

five-accent ll.-HANMER.

That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I have an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*] So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle, Gently entwist; the female Ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme. 50
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. [*Advancing*] Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers. 60
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

47. *alwaies*: all ways—THEOBALD.

53-4. 1 l.—QQ.

57. *savors*: favours—IQ. 4F. 63. *flouriets*: floweret's—STEEVENS.

And now I have the Boy, I will undoe 70
 This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
 And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;
 That he awaking when the other doe,
 May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see. 80
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seene!
 Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe?

Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead 90

Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
 peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands
 with me |

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

79. *Be thou as thou:* Be as thou—Q2.

81. *bud, or:* bud o'er—THEOBALD.

88. *doth:* do—IQ. 2-4F. *this:* his—IQ.

89. *bis:* this—Q2.

91. *fine:* five—THEOBALD. 94. *When thou:* Now, when thou—IQ.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
 And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
 Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly, 100
 And blesse it to all faire posterity.
 There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
 Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
 I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
 Trip we after the nights shade;
 We the Globe can compasse soone,
 Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight, 110
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
 For now our observation is perform'd;
 And since we have the vaward¹ of the day, ^{1 fore part}
 My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds. 120
 Uncouple in the Western valley, let them goe;
 Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top.
 And marke the musicall confusion
 Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,

101. posterity: prosperity-1Q.

104. Faire: Fairy-QQ.

107. after the nights: after night's-1Q.

When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountaines, every region neere, 130
 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
 So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
 So flew'd,¹ so sanded,² and their heads are hung
¹ deep-chapped ² sandy-spotted

With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
 Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
 In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*; 140
 Judge when you heare. Bnt soft, what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
 And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
 This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
 I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
 The right of May; and hearing our intent,
 Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
 But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
 That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice? 150

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
 hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
 Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

131. *Seeme*: Seem'd-2-4F.

145. *this*: their-1Q.

147. *right*: rite-POPE.

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Rivall enemies. 160

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is is so farre from jealousie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be 170

Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:

They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them; 180

Faire *Helena*, in fancy¹ followed me. ¹ love

But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,

(But by some power it is) my love

To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childehood I did doat upon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,

162. *is is: is*—Q₂. 2-4F.

170. *might be: might*—1Q.

181. *followed: following*—1Q.

183-5. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*, 190
 But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
 But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met;
 Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Egeus, I will over-beare your will;
 For in the Temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And for the morning now is something worne, 200
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
 Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.

Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seeme small & undistinguishable,
 Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:

And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell, 210
 Mine owne, and not mine owne. [Are you sure
 [That we are awake?]

Dem. It seemes to mee,
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
 The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolitæ*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

190. see *Hermia*: saw *Hermia*—STEEVENS.

191. like a: like in—STEEVENS.

193. doe I: I do—IQ.

196. shall beare more: more will hear—IQ.

208. things: thing—POPE.

211-12. bracketed sentence in QQ.

217. be bid: he did bid—IQ.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. Exit Lovers. 220

Clo. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. | My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? | *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starve*- | *ling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I | have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit | of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, | if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I | was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, | and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, | if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of | man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans | hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his | heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. *Exit. 238*

[Scene ii. *Athens. Quince's House.*]

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

This. [*Flu.*] If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes | not forward, doth it?

218-19. 2 five-accent ll.—2Rowe. 225. *I had*: I have had—Qq.
1. *Thisbie* out—2Rowe.

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*. 11

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men. 20

This. O sweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, ô most courageous day! O most happye houre! 29

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us heare, sweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,

32. *as it fell: right as it fell—Qu.*

meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philostrate,] Egeus and his Lords. |

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speake of. |

The. More strange then true. I never may beleewe These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends.

The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.¹ ^{1composed} 10

One sees more divels then vaste hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,

7-8. new l. at More-THEOBALD. 14-15. new l. at Doth-Rowe.
16-19. 5 five-accent ll.-2Rowe. 18. *aire*: airy-2Q.

And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy, 20
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancie;¹
But howsoever, strange, and admirable. ^{1 consistency}

*Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,
and Helena.* 30

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes
Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to us, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
we have,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usuall manager of mirth? 40
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. [*Phil.*] Heere mighty *Theseus*.

The. Say, what abridgement² have you for this eve-
ning? ^{2 pastime}
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

32-5. 3 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

43. *Egeus*: Philostrate—QQ.

Ege. [*Phil.*] There is a breefe¹ how many sports
are rife: | ^{1 short account}

Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first. 50

[*Giving a paper.*]

Lis. [*Reads*] The battell with the Centaurs to be
sung |

By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lis. [*Reads*] The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lis. [*Reads*] The thrice three Muses, mourning for
the death | of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall, 61
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lis. [*Reads*] A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Pira-*
mus, |

And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. [*Phil.*] A play there is, my Lord, some ten
words long, |

Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play;

But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; 70

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,

There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.

And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*

49. rife: ripe—1Q.

51-67. all given to Theseus—Qq.

59-60. 2 five-accent ll.—Qq.

65-7. 3 ll. ending brief, snow, discord—THEOBALD.

73-7. 5 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearse, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter-
Never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. [*Phil.*] Hard handed men, that worke in
Athens heere, |

Which never labour'd in their mindes till now; 80

And now have toyled their unbreathed¹ memories

With this same play, against your nuptiall. ¹*unpractised*

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have
heard |

It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unlesse you can finde sport in their intents,

Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,

To doe you service. 88

Thes. I will heare that play. For never any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed 100
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seene them shiver and looke pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
 And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
 Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
 And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
 I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
 In least, speake most, to my capacity.

110

[*Re-enter Philostrate.*]

Egeus. [*Phil.*] So please your Grace, the Prologue is
 address.¹ [*Phil.*] ^{1 ready}
Duke. [*Thes.*] Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then, we come but in despight.
 We do not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,
 We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
 The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

120

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
 knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
 enough to speake, but to speake true.

129

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
 childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon. |

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present 140
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizy beast (which Lyon hight¹ by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night, ^{1 called}
Did scarre away, or rather did affright: 150
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloody breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine. 160

Exit all but Wall.

134. *Tawyer* ... *them* out—Qq. 148. *grizy*: *grisly*—Qq. 2-4F.

154. *his Thisbies*: *his trusty Thisby's*—Qq.

Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moonesbine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie* 170
Did whisper often, very secretly.

This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

T'hes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence. 180

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou ô wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, ô sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thankes courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see. 191

186. *thou sweet and:* O sweet O-QQ. 187. *stands:* stand'st-1Q.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving mee.

T'hes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible,¹ should
curse againe. ¹ *having feeling*

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. 200

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard mv mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.

My cherry lips have often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

This. My Love thou art, my Love I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill. 210

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight
way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

196-200. prose—POPE. 197. *enter, and: enter now, and—Qq.*
210. *And like: And I like—Qq. 2F.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors. 221

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion. 230

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare. Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joyner am A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam: For if I should as Lion come in strife Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. [*Thes.*] A verie gentle beast, and ot a good conscience. | 240

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

220. *morall*: mural—2POPE.

230. *beasts, in*: beasts in,—2ROWE.

248. *bearken*: listen—1Q.

224. *ere*: ever—1Q.

239. *of*: on—2Q.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present. 250

De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe. 260

Dut. [*Hip.*] I am wearie of this Moone; would he would | change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby. 272

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

254-5. 2 five-accent ll.—Qq. 3-4F.

259-60. prose—IQ.

271. *they*: all these—IQ.

255. *dotb*: do—Qq.

261. *wearie*: aweary—IQ.

Dut. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

Du. Wel mouz'd¹ Lion. ^{1 moused} 280

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.

But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole² is heere? ^{2 grief}

Eyes do you see! How can it be! 290

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!

Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!

Approch you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,³

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell. ^{3 tuft of yarn}

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere: 300

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Piramus*:

278-9. prose-QQ.

281. shifted to after 282-GLOBE.

286. *beames*: gleams-STAUNTON.

287. *taste* ... *Thisbies*: take ... *Thisby*-QQ.

288-94. 11 rhymed ll.-POPE.

293. *you*: ye-QQ.

296-7. prose-QQ.

303-8. 11 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON.

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop; [*Stabs himself.*]
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

[*Exit Moonshine.*]

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye. [*Dies.*]

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lis. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing. 312

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thisby comes backe, and findes her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not use a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be breefe. 321

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better [he for a man; God warnd us: she, for a woman; God blesse us.]

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes. |

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?

O *Piramus* arise:

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

315-16. prose-1Q.

318-19. prose-QQ.

322. *Moth*: mote-STEEVENS.

323-4. bracketed ll. in QQ. *warnd*: warrant-COLLIER.

326-40. 23 rhymed ll. except 330, 2 ll. ending *lips* and *nose*-THEOBALD.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose, 330
 These yellow Cowslip cheekes
 Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
 His eyes were greene as Leekes.
 O sisters three, come, come to mee,
 With hands as pale as Milke,
 Lay them in gore, since you have shore
 With sheeres, his thred of silke.
 Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
 Come blade, my brest imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*]
 And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends; 340
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you, the wall is
 downe, that parted | their Fathers. Will it please you
 to see the Epilogue, or | to heare a Bergomask dance,
 betweene two of our com- | pany? 347

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
 no excuse. Never excuse; for when the plaiers are all
 dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
 writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies*
 garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
 truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
 Burgomaske;¹ let your Epilogue alone. [*A dance.*] 354
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. ¹*rustic dance*
 I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
 As much as we this night have over-watcht.
 This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. 360
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
 In nightly Revels; and new jollitie. *Exeunt.*

351. *bung*: hanged—Qq.

Enter Pucke.

Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores,
 And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
 Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary taske fore-done.¹ ¹ tired out
 Now the wasted brands doe glow,
 Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe, 370
 In remembrance of a shrowd.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the Church-way paths to glide.
 And we Fairies, that do runne,
 By the triple *Hecates* teame,
 From the presence of the Sunne,
 Following darkenesse like a dreame,
 Now are frolicke; not a Mouse 380
 Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
 I am sent with broome before,
 To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsie fier,
 Everie Elfe and Fairie spright,
 Hop as light as bird from brier,
 And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate, 390
 To each word a warbling note.

364. *Lyons*: lion—Rowe.365. *beholds*: behowls—Theobald.

389. 2 rhymed ll.—2Rowe.

390. *this*: your—IQ.

Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song [and dance].

*Now untill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate: 400
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole, barelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate, 410
And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.
[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]*

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare. 420

413. shift to after 414—STAUNTON.

And this weake and idle theame,
 No more yeelding but a dreame,
 Centles, doe not reprehend.
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
 If we have unearned lucke,
 Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
 We will make amends ere long:
 Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
 So good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And *Robin* shall restore amends.

430

[*Exit.*]

423. *Centles*: *Gentles*—Qq. 2-4F.

FINIS.



